The Saturday Evening Post.

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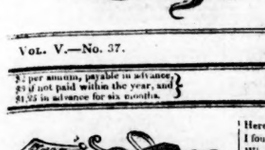

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

"Great Socrates, thine hour is come!" the weeping herald cried,
"Prepare to die, the setting sun now shrinks beneath the tide!"
And from th' eleven's council room, the hemlock's juice I bring,
Beneath it lurks a sage's doom, a nation's rankling sting!

"Take, take the dark, the fatal cup, beneath it there is shame!
And as thy firm lips sip it up, Athenia blots her name,
Around her clings a foul disgrace, her banner's stain'd with gore,
And darkness rests upon the place where glory shone before!"

"Hand me the potion!" cried the sage, "what say you of this drink?"
He spake to Crito, he whose age had bade him calmly think—
"There is alone a single draught!" he smiles and then he prays,
Then firmly in an instant quaff'd cessation to his days—

"'Tis done! my friends why do you weep, I could not always live,
If must eventually sleep! what recks it if we give
A view of life's dull cares to death! what recks it if I die
Guiltless *this* hour, my parting breath unstained by calumny!"

He spake as if an hundred years were yet to rest with him,
His calmness dried the lavish tears that made his friend's eyes dim;
He spake as Socrates should speak, his soul was nerv'd to die,
No flush of fear was on his cheek, no wildness in his eye—

"I feel the poison in my veins; the blood seems cold and thick!
They say that death's are icy chains! my heart beats faint and quick!
Farewell, dear Crito!" here no sighs told that his life had fled,
Critò gazed on him, closed his eyes, for Socrates was dead!

But ye, base, vengeful, envious crew, link'd with hell's heartless chain,
How soon your chief, Melitus † knew that justice is not tame,
How soon his dark heart's calumnies fester'd with poison's breath,
Hushed his false lips, and closed his eyes in unregretted death! VERGENNES.

*Sunset was the hour appointed to drink the hemlock.—Melitus his principal accuser.

BOAT SONG.

How lightly sails our small green boat,
How swift and straight the course we keep,
While notes of music round us float,
And mingle with the noisy deep.
And now each heart in tune is found,
And every eye looks cheerful too;
So let the merry song go round,
We'll sing and laugh the bright night through.

The moonlit waves dance gaily by,
Or foam against our barque's green side,
And while yon lamp beams bright on high,
Our oars shall beat the rolling tide;
Then let us feast on mirth while here,
And loudly swell the cheerful strain,
For ere the morning's dawn is near
We'll seek our peaceful homes again.

New York, August, 1826. IDA.

TO ELIZA.

One smile from thee—when pleasure comes
Enchanting with her youthful mien,
And hope's fair flower all gaily blooms
To deck in fancy's eye the scene:
When all is bright in wood and bower,
Oh! give me then at such an hour,
One smile from thee—

One *sigh* from thee—when clouds appear
To shroud in gloom each sunny ray,
And eyes are dimm'd by feeling's tear,
For scenes that long have past away:
Oh! give me then at such an hour,
While lost in memory's magic power,
One sigh from thee—

"One *hour* with thee"—when softest shades
Fall gently o'er the hill and plain,
When Luna gilds the evening glades,
Cheer'd by the Linnet's rapture'd strain:
Then give to me in such a scene,
While zephyr fans the emerald green,
"One hour with *thee*"—

"One hour with thee"—when stilly night
Flings her rich mantle o'er the sky,
And all those countless orbs of light
Full brightly on the gazer's eye:
Oh! give me then while visions fair,
Of "rainbow joys" are hovering there,
"One hour with thee."

SYLVIA.

TO CONTEMPLATION BY MOONLIGHT.

A FRAGMENT.

Silent, I stood upon a lofty hill,
Which towering rose above surrounding earth,
Into blue ether, beautiful and still,
Clothed in the grandeur of exalted birth.

A verdant valley, stretching far below,
Looked in the distance like some fairy land,
Deck'd with the mantle of the bright moon's glow,
Shining from heaven, magnificently grand!

Here, Contemplation—sweet secluded maid,
I found thee in thy native solitude,
Where no wild tumult dares thy throne invade,
Nor revels of the thoughtless multitude.

Here the free'd *spirit*, hosten'd from the world,
May soar unshackled to etherial day;
On wings of thought, expanded and unfurl'd,
May fly rejoicing on her pathless way!

Here may the muse her native strains awake,
And sing of nature, where she reigns alone;
Here boundless flights of fancy she may take,
From earth's dull surface into worlds unknown!

Here may bright Genius from her throne descend,
In radiant glory on her favourite sons,
And of her essence may a portion lend,
The badge and livery of her chosen ones!

Here may some lover, undisturbed, convey
His quenchless passion into beauty's ear;
Who paints the feelings he does warm portray,
With pleasure owns them, yet with blushing fear.

These past before me, as in fancy lost,
I gazed delighted on the scene sublime,
Looked up entranced upon the dazzling host,
And almost fancied I had fled from time.

* * * FORESTER.

Philadelphia, June 18th, 1826.

From the London Literary Chronicle.

MIRIAM; OR THE POWER OF TRUTH.

A JEWISH TALE.—By the author of Influence.

Miriam is a religious tale founded on an interesting anecdote of an American Jew, who was converted to Christianity by the dying admonitions of an only child, a beautiful girl, who, unknown to her father, had embraced the Christian faith. This anecdote has been amplified into a very excellent and well told tale, full of pathos, and written in a very pleasing style. We quote, as a specimen, the dying scene:—

'Miriam turned pale, and with great solemnity replied, "Aye, yet such love on earth, my father, is idolatry, and must be in mercy be driven asunder, lest its false light s'ould lead you to eternal darkness. But," added she, raising herself and looking at her father with an expression never afterwards forgotten, "do you for me?—not for what I am to you—but apart from yourself could your love grant me one solemn request; and solemnly fulfil it? Could it forgive the violence which that request might do the dearest feeling of your bosom?—and forget all else save the purpose for which it was asked, and her who asked it?"

'Imlah felt alarmed, for although the voice of Miriam was calm, and her countenance serene as a cloudless moonlight, he believed that her mind wandered in some delirious phantasy; till suddenly recollecting the fatal alliance he had engaged her to fulfil, he beckoned Gorah to leave the room, and then replied, "Miriam, my beloved girl, proof against every test—my love could not be sufficient all, and far more than you could require.—Then ask your boon; it shall be freely granted at whatever cost it claims; for, be assured any thing that can give peace to you, brings happiness to me. But compose yourself now my child, and we will talk of earthly cares, when health calls you back to act in earthly schemes."

"I am composed, my father," replied Miriam, "as one, who standing on the verge of eternity, looks only at eternal things. And now I thank you tenderly for the boon you grant,—a boon for which alone I have craved life and time." So saying, she drew from underneath her pillow a little Testament, and laying it in Imlah's hand, then pressing them together within both her own, exclaimed "Take that precious book, my beloved father, and, let it be your guide—your counsellor—your comforter! May the Lord, in His infinite mercy, make the stumbling block of Israel your rock and your salvation; and while you read, may His holy spirit teach you to believe—to revere—to receive! And now dear, precious parent, remembering the last solemn promise so sacredly pledged to your dying child, for your own sake—for hers I beseech you, speak no more against Jesus of Nazareth! —the Redeemer of Israel,—the Messiah, the one and only Saviour of all mankind!" Exhausted by the feelings and energy with which she uttered this solemn charge, Miriam fell back, and the cold dews of death hung on her pale face as nature struggled with its last resistless conqueror. Imlah, who knelt by her side, his hand still grasping her sacred legacy, was motionless as herself, and felt as if he had lost all power of utterance and sense; while with a look, he uttered groans of agony, such as perhaps alone could have rended the parting spirit of Miriam back to earthly thoughts. She opened her eyes once more, and laid her icy arm, for a moment, around her father's neck, in token that her last love was his: then quietly crossing her hands upon her bosom, and looking up to Heaven with a countenance brightened with a glow of holy fervour, she exclaimed, "Dearest father! look up—look up—look up, from me, to Christ! and now, oh! blessed Jesus do thou come quickly.' Again her head fell back, and with one long but gentle sigh, her happy spirit winged its flight to God!

'Imlah remained for some time appalled and motionless, gazing in fixed despair on the silent lips of his child, as if waiting again to hear their eloquence. But the dreadful stillness which now pervaded all around, where not one sound, one sigh, was heard to break that awful solitude, recalled him to a faint sense of what had been: and yet it was the disordered sense which fancy sometimes lends to picture dreams like real things;—or to embody its own faint shadows into the frightful phantoms of insanity. Still did he look on Miriam, and still grasped the little volume which he knew was associated with her last words. But what were those words? The avowal of an apostate! And yet was that heavenly smile—which gave even death a semblance of peace—one of apostacy? Could a guilty heretic meet the awful judgement of an offended God, as Miriam had done? Miriam an apostate!—a heretic? Oh! no, rather let Christianity be true, and Israel fall at last beneath the scourge of Christian victory,—than Miriam, the last daughter of David's line, be so accursed! And now great drops of agony stood on the cold forehead of Imlah, as thoughts like these passed through his bewildered mind, and in groans of deepest anguish, he called loudly on the name of his sainted child, as if she could still dispel the dreadful visions of that fearful dream. But alas! it was too surely a waking reality;—nothing could move or change the sweet calm smile of her for whom never before had Imlah called in vain!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Th ir eyes inflamed with passion,
And each fearcer burning with its fire."

"Yes, sir, here are the mere handle to my hand, and I will use you as I think proper!" These words attracted my attention as I entered the house of my old friend Joseph Will —a flush of indignation passed across his face —his eyes seemed to burn in his head, as if distention would satisfy his passion—his wife disappeared as I entered the room, in as great a tumult of innate devils as himself.—"How now, my friend, why all this confusion —any accident?—I find me the reverse in the reader think me a pimp.)—"Misfortunes, Mr. Single—I was Misfortune's child once, I acknowledge—that state compared to this was elysium—Paradise!—'Twas as age of sunshine—oh, Mr. Single, you little know the source of my sorrow—connected with a woman whom I considered the very pedestal on which stood meekness, patience, virtue, love, and in fact every attribute that makes up perfection—and to find me the reverse in horror—a hellam—worse, Mr. Single, than all the misfortunes that poverty or power can inflict." "Ah! Mr. Will, you paint the dark side"—"Dark, said you—dark side—if there was a ray; a beam to illumine *her* total dark abyss, I would bask in it, and forget the rest; but it is all dark—I was poor, Mr. Single, I had nothing but a good name and character to boast of—these you considered all that was necessary to a man's peace and happiness—I thought otherwise—avarice blinded reason—my avarice tore down reflection, and cast o'er my coming years, a veil so thick that no eye can penetrate beyond the texture of its thickness —I married rich, and, alas! I am punished daily; aye, hourly am I told of my poverty, called beggar, fortune hunter, thief—thief, Mr. Single, and—words are inadequate to express them—am I, Mr. Single, to suffer this? to bear eternally the lash of a tongue whom nothing can silence, nothing controul—am I to sit patiently down and bear the outpouring of her malice, abundantly gifted to extend it to the distant ages of eternity?"

"You rave, Mr. Will, I beg of you to be more cool; I ever make it a rule to act in any situation as my nature prompts; in this case I am rather inclined to laugh"—"Laugh, Mr. Single, s'death, sir, would you laugh at my misfortunes?"—"No, not at your misfortunes, but the cause—let me inform you, my friend, that you are equally to blame with your wife. 1st. You listen to her ravings.—2d. You sit patiently down and hear her malignancy poured upon you. 3d. You aggravate her by retorting in language as bad as her own!"—"Language as bad as her own! pray, Mr. Single, did you ever hear my wife use bad language; what do you mean, sir, by that—I will have no man talk so of my wife."—"Why, did you not inform me so yourself?"—"No, sir—and you are my wife indeed—did you ever hear her rave, sir?—how do you know she has a malignant spirit?—these are hard words, Mr. Single, and ill become one who professes himself my friend, to throw up language that is only calculated to tag by the nearest and dearest ties." "Stop, stop, Mr. Will, you have now gone far enough—I now find you quarrel with your wife, and then abuse those who endeavour to point out a way to remedy an evil, proceeding from two great evils—look not so black and threatening—I am not a man to be alarmed at one who quarrels and fights *eternally* with his wife; for believe me, sir, I hold that man in absolute contempt, who can find words in his heart or power in his arm to injure a woman, both of which I sincerely believe you have passion to do." So saying, I left him.

PETER SINGLE.

THE MORALIST.

LIFE AND DEATH.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

O fear not thou to die!
For rather fear to live, for Life
Has thousand snares for every foot to try
By peril, pain, and strife.
Brief is the work of death;
But Life! the spirit shrinks to see
How full are Heaven recalls the breath,
The cup of woe may be.

O fear not thou to die!
No more to suffer or to sin;
No sorrow but with thy faith to try,
No traitor heart within:
But fear, oh! rather fear
The gay, the light, the changeful scene,
The flattering smiles that greet thee here,
From Heaven thy heart that wean.

Fear lest in evil hour,
Thy purer and holy hope, o'ercome
By clouds that in the horizon lour,
Thy spirit feel that gloom
Which over earth and heaven
The covering throws of fell despair;
And drems itself the outspoken
Predestined child of care.

O fear not thou to die!
To die, and be that blessed one,
Who, in the bright and beauteous sky,
May feel his conflict done—
Who feels that never more
The tear of grief, or pain shall come
For thousand wanderings from the Power
Who loved, and call'd him home!

When will christians permit themselves to believe, that the same conduct which gains the approbation of good men here, will secure the favor of heaven hereafter! When will they cease making their court to their maker, by the same servile debasement and affectation of lowliness, by which the vain potentates of the earth are flattered! When a harmless and well meaning man, in the exaggerated features of theological rhetoric, calls himself the vilest of sinners, it is in precisely the same spirit of false humility in which the courtier uses degrading and despicable expressions when he speaks of himself in his adulatory addresses to his sovereign.

When a good man draws near the close of life, not free indeed from faults, but pure from crime, a life spent in the habitual exercise of all those virtues which adorn and dignify human nature, and in the uniform approach to that perfection which is confessedly unattainable in this imperfect state. When a man, perhaps like Dr. Price, whose name will ever be pronounced with affectionate veneration by all the friends of philosophy, virtue and mankind, is about to resign his soul into the hands of his maker, he ought to do it not only with a reliance on his mercy, but his justice. A generous confidence and pious resignation should be blended in his deportment. It does not become him to pay the blasphemous homage of deprecating the wrath of God, when he ought to throw himself into the arms of his love. He is not to think that virtue is one thing here, and another in heaven; or that he on whom blessings and eulogiums are ready to burst from all honest tongues, can be an object of punishment with him, who is infinitely more benevolent than any of his creatures.

PIETY HAS ITS FOUNDATION IN HUMAN NATURE—it approves itself to all our best feelings, it recommends itself to us by its intrinsic loveliness. Nothing can be more natural, nothing more beautiful, than a rational piety to God. We are so formed by our Creator as to adore what is great, admire what is excellent, and love what is good.—And wherein does piety to God consist but in adoring, and admiring, and loving a Being who possesses all these qualities in perfection? A Being who far surpasses all other beings in majesty and benignity? "For who in the Heavens can be compared unto the Lord? Who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto our God?" Ought we not then to cherish and exhibit towards the Deity those feelings and affections which his true character is adapted to call forth? This is piety; and surely there is nothing in it that is repulsive to nature; nothing that is visionary or extravagant. Indeed, not to possess it would be in the highest degree unnatural and offensive to the very first principles on which we act. We love our friends: ought we not then to love our greatest Friend? We repay with gratitude our benefactors; ought we not to do this to our greatest Benefactor? We have had fathers in the flesh, and we have done them reverence; ought we not to pay this same reverence to our heavenly Father, and Father of all? In short, piety to God is so natural and reasonable, that it cannot but live in the mind of every one whose heart is right. And wherever we do not find it existing, we may conclude that the affections of that man are perverted, or his sensibility lost.

Every man who is sincerely in earnest to advance the interest of religion, will have acquired such a degree of candor as to become indifferent by whom good is done, or who has the reputation of doing it, provided it be actually done. He will be anxious to increase the stock of human virtue, and of human happiness, by every possible means. He will whet and sharpen every instrument of goodness, though it be not cast in his own mould, or fashioned after his own pattern. He will never consider whether the form suits his own particular taste, but whether the instrument itself be calculated to answer to the work of his Master. It is a test by which he will be able to judge of his own sincerity, if the delight he feels at hearing of a meritorious action suffers no abatement, because it was performed by one who differs from him in his religious, or even his political sentiments.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

Sweet house of peace! the lingering day
Still plays upon thy turrets grey;
But silent now the voice of prayer
Which once upon so sweetly there;
The rather differing sons of Zion
Is mingled with the low wind's moan;
Sadly they seem to wait the fate
That left thy altars desolate.

Sweet house of peace! how oft I've stood
Amid thy little solitude,
A truant boy, when feels to get
The crane-bill and the violet,—
And listened to the solemn hum
Which on the quiet air would come,
With the long echoing laugh and shout,
Sent gladly from the urchin rout.

And at Autumn's balmy eve,
When the bright flowers begin to leave
The faded grave and gloriously
The has vest moon went up the sky,
From the far distant green-wood tree,
The left-light forms of no boy,
Stole upward to the holy ground,
As joyously the dance went round.

Here, when the Sabbath day was done,
And quickly the Summer eve,
Slowly o'er the little vale below,—
Uprose the hymn so sweet, so slow,
The traveller in the distant glen
Paused on his way to catch again
The lingering tone, till parting day,
Threw its cold shadows o'er his way.

Those days have passed; and sporadically
The chilling wind goes rustling by,
But finds not there those luxurious flowers
It sported with in happier hours;
And gentle forms who loved to trace
Upon their bosom in youthful days,
Like these have pass'd away and died,
And humbly lie—deep side by side.

U. S. Literary Gazette.

THOMAS COUTTS.

The banker, was born in 1751, and died Feb. 24, 1822. This gentleman adds to the many instances of good fortune which attends the emigration of Scottish youths from their bleak and mountainous country to a more southern and genial climate. Mr. Coutts rose from a junior partner, to be the head of one of the first banking concerns in Europe, and himself the most opulent banker of his day; he left to his widow an immense fortune, besides having portioned out his three daughters by his first marriage. This vast accumulation of property, the result of industry and acuteness, was obtained without any shade being cast upon his character; for in all Coutt's extensive transactions, during a long life, his fair and honourable dealings with the public were never called in question. The detail of Coutt's private life is full of romance: he was twice married; but nothing could be more dissimilar than the moral result of each. When a very young man, and living in the banking-house in the Strand, Coutts became attached to a handsome and deserving female, then residing in a humble station, under the same roof: she became his wife: and from this disinterested union three daughters sprung, who all formed honourable and noble marriages—became women of rank—and by their alliances raised Coutts above the station of plebeian opulence: they joined the pride and pretension of blood to the influence and power of wealth. If Coutts had posse a d a well regulated mind, he could have had nothing more to wish for: ambition, in its highest flight, had been amply gratified, and with the preservation of every moral principle. This state of respectability continued until that period of existence when the thoughts of most men turn from the present to a future state: not so, however, with Coutts—a sudden and unlooked for change took place. Many years after the settlement of his children, when this golden banker was advanced beyond the usual life of man, he was suddenly enamoured with a young and lively actress, that struck his fancy, on the boards of Drury Lane; the mutual temptation, though from contrary impulses, was too powerful for these frail beings to resist: Miss Mellon's charms subdued his principles, and the rich man's overcame her scruples. It is a melancholy task to pursue a once honorable and upright character, until infirmity, imbecility, and old age—"sans eyes, sans teeth, sans every thing"—sink into the doting, the immoral, and nauseous debauchee. Had it pleased death to have cast his dart at poor Coutts at that period of his life when most of us feel its fatal sting, it would have been fortunate for the posthumous reputation of this weak old man. Coutts took this young actress under his protection, settled an ample fortune on her, and she became his chief agonie in public and private, until the death of his first wife, when, shame to relate—for the pen hesitates to record the fact—in eight and forty hours after, in defiance of decency and decorum, he led Miss Mellon to the altar, and she became the second wife of Coutts, before the remains of his first had received the last sacred earthly duties. What a pitiable tale is this to be told of poor mortality! Coutts lived seven years after, placing his person, his fortune and his fame, at the entire disposal of his liberal, open hearted, and (I really believe) grateful and attentive wife: at his death a short will was produced, by which he bequeathed the whole of his vast property, amounting to nearly a million sterling, to the sole and uncontrolled use of Mrs. Coutts—the Marchioness of Bute, Countess of Guilford, Lady Burdett, and his numerous grand-children, all omitted! This act must, in itself, be bad, which, if the example was to be followed by others, would loosen all the social relations in life, and disorganize the whole moral system of the world. In this man, what became of the ties of connexion? of the parental throbs and feelings for his offspring and their issue, at the moment of expiring life? The first law of nature, that which binds blood to blood, was in Coutts a mock: he was different from the rest of his species, and we turn with horror from so unnatural a being.

SULLY, THE AMERICAN ARTIST.

A correspondent of the London "European Magazine," who furnishes an account of the principal American painters, concludes with this story.

"I will give you a pleasant anecdote of Sully. A husband wishing to surprise a beloved wife, on her birth day came to Sully and got him to paint his portrait "on the sly." This he forgot, for which, until Sully was to have it carried home and put up, while the wife was out. But before it was half done the wife paid him a visit by stealth. "Pray, Mr. Sully," said she, "could you not contrive, think you, to make a portrait of me by such a day, (Sully stared) for that is my birth day, and I should like of all things to surprise my husband." "Why-a-a," said Sully, seeing that she had no idea of the trick; "I do believe, ma'am, I could manage it, will manage to draw your husband away the night before I will have the picture hung up for you, and all ready to receive you in the morning." "Delightful!"—said she. To work he went industriously, and so close was he run, that once or twice he had to let the husband out of one door on tip-toe. Well the portraits were finished, and they were very like. The night before the birth day arrived, Sully, finding both parties safe, each being decoyed away by the other, hung them up, (the pictures not the parties,) in their superb frames, just where they were required to be hung. The rest of the story we may as well skip, for who shall describe the surprise of both, when the wife got up early, and the husband got up early, both keeping their countenances to a miracle, and each feigning an excuse to lead the other into the room where the portraits hung side by side!"

AMERICAN WOMEN.

The zeal with which the cause of liberty was embraced by the women of America, during the war of our revolution, has been often mentioned with admiration and praise. The following anecdotes will forcibly illustrate the extent and ardour of their patriotic feeling.

To Mrs. Pinckney, the wife of Col. Charles Pinckney, a British officer once said—"It is impossible not to admire the intrepid firmness of the ladies of your country. Had your men had half their spirit, we might give up the contest. America would be invincible."

Mrs. Daniel Hall having obtained permission to pay a visit to her mother on Joint's Island, was on the point of embarking, when an officer, stepped forward, and in the most authoritative manner demanded the key of her trunk. "What do you expect to find there?" said the lady. "I seek for treason," was the reply. "You may save yourself the trouble to search, then," said Mrs. Hall—"but may find a plenty of it at my tongue's end."

An officer, distinguished by his inhuman ty, and constant oppression of the unfortunate, meeting Mrs. Charles Ellot on a garden adorned with a great variety of flowers, asked the name of the chamomile, which appeared to flourish with peculiar luxuriance—"the Rebel flower," she replied. "Why was that name given to it" said the officer. "Because," rejoined the lady, "*it thrives most* when most *trampled upon*."

So much were the ladies attached to the whig interest habituated to injuries, and so resolute in supporting them, that they would joconsely speak of misfortunes, though at that moment severely suffering under their pressure. Mrs. Sabina Elliot having witnessed the activity of an officer, who had ordered the plundering of poultry houses, finding an old Muscovy drake which had escaped the general ravage, had the poor animal in the premises, had him caught, and mounting a servant on horseback, ordered him to follow and deliver the bird to the officer, with her compliments, as she concluded in the hurry of departure, it had been left altogether *by accident*.

The contrivances adopted by the ladies, to carry from the British garrison supplies to the gallant defenders of their country, were highly creditable to their ingenuity, and of infinite utility to their friends. The cloth of many a military coat concealed with art, and not unfrequently made an appendage to female attire, has escaped the vigilance of the guards, expressly stationed to prevent smuggling, and specially counted into regiments a-wage, and sworn triumphantly in battle. Do ts have in many instances been relinquished by the delicate wearer to the active partizan. I have seen a horseman's holsters concealed by a well arranged head dress, and epaulettes delivered from the folds of the simple cap of a matron. Feathers and cockades were much in demand, and so cunningly laid and handsomely presented, that he could have been no true knight, who did not feel the obligation *to defend them to the last extremity*.

In the indulgence of wanton appetites towards the patriotic Fair, the aggressors were not unfrequently answered with a keenness of repartee that left them little cause for triumph. The haughty Tarleton, vaunting his feats of gallantry to the great disparagement of the officers of the continental cavalry, said to a lady at Wilmington, "I have a very earnest desire to see your farinaceal hero Gol. Washington."—Your wish, Col. might have been fully gratified," she promptly replied, "had you ventured to look behind you after the battle of Cowpens." It was in this battle that Washington had wounded Tarleton in the hand, which gave rise to a still more pointed retort. Conversing with Mrs. Wiley Jones, Col. Tarleton observed: "You appear to think very highly of Gol. Washington, and yet I have been told, that he is so ignorant a fellow, that he can hardly *write his own name*." "It may be the case," she readily replied, "which no man better than yourself, Colonel, can testify that he knows how to make *his mark*."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

Behold a hero who in battle stood,
And fought for freedom's dear and sacred blood;
He dies neglected in his native land,
Without a friend to lend a helping hand.
The poor old soldier breathes his last alone,
Far from his country and the peaceful home,
For valour thanked in solemn form,
And fame proclaimed his name.

* * * * * * *

Silence breathed along the valley as we approached an humble cottage, surrounded by an orchard in full bloom, exhaling odoriferous sweets on every breeze that fanned the tender bosom of the lovely Ellen. At that moment the recollection of the poor soldier was again recalled to my mind. I immediately communicated to Ellen the story which the fisherman had told me concerning the good old man, and with a heart glowing with generosity she inquired where the soldier lived, and his daughter lived. There, said I, pointing to the cottage, lives the man who shed and bled for his country, when valour alone was virtue, and the name of a soldier never fell from an American lip without reverence. 'I wish,' said Ellen, as a sigh escaped from her bosom, 'that he had a palace to live in.' But, said I, so far from that he has not the necessaries of life. 'O then lead me to the cottage!' said she, 'that I may be the means of dissipating the clouds from the evening of an old man's life: that the sun of his declining glory may set like yonder brilliant luminary, and leave behind a glimmering ray of light to cheer his gloomy path.' We turned from the flowery path which we were pursuing, and hastily entered the long winding avenue, over shadowed with trees, which led up to the lonesome habitation. As we approached the gate, and opened it, the little dog came out, but he did not bark and make a great noise, as he had usually done, when I formerly visited the old man. No, it appeared that he was conscious that he was about to be separated from his master forever, and the poor fellow crept along near him as though he was afraid of making a noise. When we stepped up on the block at the door, I knew not how it was, but I felt such a damp come over my mind that I was almost sorry that I had complied the request of the tender hearted Ellen.

'Come in,' said the heart broken Lucy, as the tears gushed from her eyes, 'my poor father is almost gone.' I looked at Ellen, as Lucy and I saw her wipe her eyes with her handkerchief. There was something in the desolate voice of Lucy, when she said that her father was almost gone, that chilled my veins and sunk deep in my heart. Lucy had been fair and beautiful in the days of prosperity, but that grief, which gnaws at the heart, had tarnished the lustre of her eyes, and sullied the blushes on her cheeks. On a bed of straw reclined the American soldier, whose face was wrinkled in many a furrow, by the desolating hand of time. Those eyes which had flashed vengeance in the heat of battle, were now clouded by the gloom of age; and that arm which had wielded the gleaming sword in the hour of despair, and that form which had stood great, gloomy and dread in the day of danger and destruction, were now useless in decay.

'My dear young friend,' said the old man, as he aroused from his slumber, 'I'm pleasing it is to have company on the bed of death. To one, like myself, prepared to die, there is no greater luxury than to bid the affectionate farewell to friends, and go to that country where sorrow must forever remain a stranger.'

'Father,' said the good hearted Ellen,' let me raise your head higher, and tell me what I can do for you to make you comfortable.—I will remember you and your virtue that my hands or my fortune can bestow.'

'My dear angel of peace,' said the old man, 'you cannot render me a better service than to sit down by the bed-side and remain with me the few minutes I feel that I live. I feel,' said he, as the big tears elbowed each other down his withered cheek, 'that time will soon be no more with me, and what then will become of my poor Lucy. Perhaps she may fall into the hands of some base man, who will add insult to misfortune, until she sinks unpitied to her grave. She has been a good girl.'

Lucy and Ellen sobbed aloud, and I thought I would not play the woman, but some how or other the tear stole out of my eye, and I felt it burning down to my lips. Ellen turned her brimful eye upon me, and that one glance made me love her more than all her protestations; for it told me that she could feel for a poor dying soldier. And he who could not feel, said I, mentally, for the miseries of a dying hero, and a wretched daughter, these was not the name of man.

'Put some drink to my lips, Lucy,' said the old man, for he had but one arm, and that was tied up, 'I feel the fever of death consuming the vital spark. You will soon have no father, Lucy, but remember the admonitions I have given you, and to assume a heat and unterrified look, never shrunk from the post assigned me. But I have done no more,' continued he, 'than every man who loves his country would do.'

His countenance changed, as he uttered the last words, and Ellen removed the taper that it might not pain the old man's eyes. There was a small degree of hope in her mind, that he would yet survive, but I felt his pulse, and I perceived that he was on the brink of eternity. The cold drops of sweat were standing upon the old veteran's brow, and he appeared delirious; he knew not what he said.

'Bring my sword,' said he, in a quick and hurried voice, '"I am going to meet the enemy, and I will leave you my child, in the hands of God. He will take care of you, Lucy, you need not fear. There goes the brave General Washington, see how fast he rides. Now the

battle rages—now the foe retreats—now they rally. Hand me my sword, and bring my horse—let it not be said that an American soldier tarnished his fame with cowardice."

A deep groan succeeded the last word—quivering of the lips ensued—a gurgling in the throat—a fluttering of the pulse—another groan and all was over.—Every tongue was palsied; the fisherman and a few others had entered the cottage. Lucy was absorbed by the agonies of grief, and Ellen looked in silence at the lifeless corse. As the sun when he leaves the world in darkness throws behind him a lingering ray of light upon the evening sky, so did a calm and placid smile still play upon the old man's countenance. It was the last ray from his setting sun of glory.

We left the lonesome cottage, and but few words passed between us on our way to the village. I shall always love Ellen for her goodness, because there is nothing that elevates a woman's character like tenderness.—The remembrance of that night will require a long time to be eradicated from my memory; it will serve to tell me how a brave man was left to struggle with misfortune, and die neglected, who had fought and bled for the independence of his country.

* * * * * * *

MILFORD BARD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CAPTAIN JOHN MARKLAND AT THE *Battle of Germantown.*

Night, drear and dark, to day gave birth,
Roll'd back his curtains from the earth,
The morn in clouds was drest,
When down the road the Patriot band,
To meet the invaders of their land
They silent onward prest.

Conway's brigade* brought on the fight,
And soon the advance on left and right,
Rush'd to the dreadful fray;
The Britons aw'd, fell slowly back,
Columbia's sons, full on their track,
Triumphant bent their way—

The neighing war horse paw'd the ground,
And death, in every shape, around
Wag'd on his fell career;
Markland with zeal led on his men
His orders "turn their flank and then
Charge round upon their rear."

"Strike for our country," *Markland* said,
"Our cause is just, nor be dismay'd,
For victory waits for you;"
But soon alas! a dreadful wound
Pour'd out his blood upon the ground—
Reluctant he withdrew—

His shatter'd arm† could do no more,
But forc'd to leave the battle's roar
He seeks some friendly aid;
The crimson tide was ebbing fast,
Languid and faint he reached at last
Some covert's friendly shade—

Soon ere returning health had blest,
His active form, disdaining rest
He sought the field again;
Through seven long years of toil and blood,
Pledg'd to his country firmly stood
Till peace resum'd her reign.

Shall *Markland*! he, whose youthful form
Endur'd for us the battle's storm,
An office seek in vain;
No, cries a Host to freedom true,
Markland, we give our votes to you,
We love the Patriot's name.

* John Markland, (now a Candidate for the office of County Commissioner,) was an Officer in Captain Bower's company, 6th Pennsylvania Regiment, forming part of Conway's brigade.

† His right arm was broken near the shoulder by a ball.

L. D.

SIMON BOLIVAR.

The following Biographical sketch of the brave and patriotic BOLIVAR, to whom his country is indebted for the inestimable privileges of civil liberty, and all the blessings that follow in their train, is peculiarly appropriate at this moment, when the brilliant achievements of his arms, and the holy lustre that adorns his name, is, as it ought to be, the theme of admiration with all our countrymen who are capable of reflection; a name that needs no title to render it conspicuous.

The celebrated defender of South American Independence, was born at Caraccas, in 1785, and is of a noble and extremely rich family. He was sent at an early period to Spain, to be educated, and when he had completed his studies, he went to Paris, where he was much noticed for his talents and learning, in all the best societies of the capital. At Paris he was a constant attendant on all the public lectures. He contracted an intimacy with Humboldt and Boopland—travelled with them for some time, and afterwards visited England, Italy, Switzerland, and a large part of Germany, to make himself acquainted with their customs, and the character of man.—Returning to Venezuela, he was appointed a colonel in the service of the [illegible] republic, and was sent to London [illegible] an important mission, the expense of which he himself defrayed.—When [illegible] [illegible] at Puerto Cabello, but the Spanish prisoners [illegible] [illegible] Bolivar was obliged to evacuate the town, and proceed by sea to [illegible].

After Miranda had [illegible] treated with Monteverde, [illegible] Venezuela, Bolivar [illegible] to Carthagena, where he formed a [illegible] with Brion, by which he procured a maritime [illegible]. He [illegible] his services to the Congress of New Grenada, and they were accepted. Finding that the Venezuelans were disposed once more to throw off the Spanish yoke, he obtained from the Congress a body of six hundred men, with which, in 1813, he penetrated across the Andes into Venezuela, and after several sanguinary actions, succeeded in expelling from the country the whole of the province, excepting the [illegible] Puerto Cabello, in the latter of which Monteverde defended himself with the most obstinate determination. It was in this campaign that the guerre a mort, or exterminatory war began, in consequence of the Spaniards having put to death some of their prisoners.

The Spanish dominion would have been annihilated, had not Monteverde contrived to arm the slaves, and thus to excite insurrection over the whole extent of the country. Boves, Puy, Palomo and others, were at the head of these auxiliaries to the Spaniards. The whole country was ravaged with fire and sword. Bolivar who had now been declared dictator of Venezuela, marched against these new enemies, overthrew them in some encounters, and would probably have destroyed them, had he not divided his army, and suffered himself to be surprised by Boves, who defeated him in a decisive engagement. The consequence was confusion among the republicans, and the complete triumph of the royalists, who showed no mercy to their antagonists. Bolivar again returned to New Grenada, and served two years under the banners of Congress.

When the Spanish troops, under Morillo, reached the South American coast, in 1815, Bolivar threw himself into Carthagena, which he defended for a long time, till resistance became hopeless. He then made his way with part of his army through the besiegers, and retired to St. Domingo. Carthagena surrendered to the Spaniards in 1815, and by June 1816, Morillo had reduced not only the *Caraccas*, but also New Grenada, the capital of the latter province having fallen into his hands.

The spirit of resistance, however, was not destroyed. The Americans drove the Spaniards from the island of Margarita, and Bolivar arriving there with his forces, which he had recruited at Aux Cayes, was soon joined by Brion. After some attempts on the coasts of Caraccas and New Grenada, Bolivar and Brion ascended the Orinoco, and made themselves masters of Angostura, the capital of Spanish Guyana. There Bolivar increased his strength by means of volunteers from Europe, and prepared to commence another struggle with Morillo. In 1817, he ascended the river Apure, and penetrated into Caraccas, as far as Calaboso. But after several hard fought battles he was worsted in a contest near Ortiz, and compelled to return to Angostura.

Undismayed by these reverses, Bolivar changed his plan, and resolved to begin by the conquest of New Grenada, an operation which was likely to succeed, as the enemy did not expect to be attacked in that quarter. Accordingly, embarking the whole of his forces, he ascended the Orinoco and the Meta, by a difficult and dangerous navigation. He thus penetrated into New Grenada, and made himself master of Santa Fe, the Capital, in August, 1819. The blow was decisive. He was joined by numbers, and had the resources of an extensive country at his command. Morillo in vain endeavoured to stop his progress.—The country under his authority was gradually wrested from him by successive defeats and defections, and towards the close of 1820, he concluded an armistice with Bolivar, in order to afford time to negociate a treaty between the South Americans and the government of Spain. The Armistice still subsists, and it is probable that the independence of New Granada and Venezuela will eventually be acknowledged. Thus after a struggle of eleven years the valor and perseverance of Bolivar will be crowned with success, and he will indisputably have a claim to the title which was long ago given to him of "The Liberator of his country."

THE FATE OF AMBITION.

Col. Aaron Burr, who some years ago occupied so large a space in the public arena, is now a practising lawyer at the New-York bar. He sustains a very high reputation for talents and legal acquirements; and is in independent circumstances. A casual visitor to the city, who chooses to pass an hour or two in the vicinity of Tammany Hall, will generally notice a small, delicate, white haired man, moving about in meditative mood, alone and noticing no one—a man whose keen eye and expressive countenance, where age has in vain struggled to quench the fire of genius, and whose appearance, bespeaking the finished gentleman, will arrest all his attention—That man is Aaron Burr—who was one day Vice President of the United States; the next a fugitive from the blood of Hamilton; at another time mounted on the whirlwind of revolution, and meditating the dissolution of the Union and the building up of a southern monarchy; and then a prisoner, answering to the charge of high treason at the bar of his country. A man, who perhaps, considered with reference to the powers of mind alone, had no superior, has now no superior. But he left the path of honourable virtue, and he is, what you may see him—a solitary being in the midst of society; pointed out to the passing stranger as a mere object of curiosity.

PHRENOLOGICAL.

We must not be suspected, says the Albany Argus, of harboring the slightest disrespect for the august science of Phrenology, because we choose to copy the following *jeu d'esprit*. On the contrary, we are grateful that we live in an era when it no longer requires intimacy and long observance to know the world around us; and when even that difficult problem of the ancient sage, "Know Thyself," is mastered in the most summary and unlaborious manner!

A Phrenologist's Study. Casts, Boxes, and Skulls, arranged round the room. Dr. Brain, Mrs. Atkins, a Child.

Dr. Brain. Well, my good Mrs. Atkins, I see that you have brought your son to be examined.

Mrs. Atkins. Yes, sir, if you will have the goodness. Children are a great pleasure, but then they are a great care; and a widow, especially a lone woman, cannot help feeling anxious about setting them out in life. To be sure, I have only my twins, a girl and this boy—but still it is a great trouble. One does not know what is fittest for them, poor things!

Dr. B. Phrenology is precisely what will ease that trouble, Mrs. Atkins. Our discoveries tend particularly to that point, by observing and following the natural indications. My friend, Mr. Hewson, I think, sent you to me.

Mrs. A. Yes, sir, he told me that by looking at the boy's skull—take off your hat, William!—and feeling the bumps—

Dr B. Organs, my good madam! Call them organs!

Mrs. A. I beg your pardon, sir, I will.—Mr. Hewson said, that, by feeling his bump—organs, I mean, you would be able to tell me what to do with him. I should like to bring him up to the grocery line, like his father, and take him into the business, at a proper time; but the boy, it seems, has read a foolish book, called Robinson Crusoe, and is wild to go to sea. Why don't you take off your hat, William, and let the Doctor look at your organs? He won't hurt you, child. For all he's so bold and full of tricks, the boy's as shamefaced before company as his sister.—Hold yourself up, William.

Dr. B. How old is the young gentleman?

Mrs. A. Twelve, come next Michaelmas. He's but a shrimp of a thing, in spite of his great spirit, too pretty by half for a boy.—Fanny and he are so alike, that, if it were not for their clothes, we should never know them asunder. But I suppose, Doctor, that's only their faces? I take it their compass—I beg pardon, organs—are quite different?

Dr. B. Unquestionably, my good Mrs. Atkins. Difference of sex is attended with difference of faculty. The perceptive organs, for instance, are usually more developed in women; the reflective, in men. This is quite a boy's forehead. Come, sir, let me feel. I shall do you no harm.

(The Doctor feels the child's head. Mrs. Atkin's walks about the room, looking at the casts, and talking to herself.)

A large *[illegible]*—a prodigious *combativeness*—[illegible] strongly developed—*[illegible]* small. Really, Mrs. Atkins, this boy is the most striking instance of the truth of our science that I have ever met with in the thousands that I have examined. I never saw the propensities so strongly indicated. Let him go to sea by all means—indeed, it would be of no use if you were to try to keep him at home. With such a *[illegible]*, and *[illegible]* so large, he would certainly run away.—Besides, it would be a thousand pities. Here are all the organs that make a great warrior—a superb *[illegible]*, a finer *combativeness* than Lord Nelson's! I should like to have a cast of the boy.

Mrs. A. Ah, well-a-day!

Dr. B. *Acquisitiveness* strong too!

Mrs. A. Ay—ay—what's that?

Dr. B. Why, it means a desire to possess; which, in a boy, probably shows itself in a love of apples, and nuts, without being very scrupulous as to the means by which they are acquired.

Mrs. A. Oh, its a wonderful art! See, William, how the Doctor finds you out! Yes, he—I take shame to say it—but the boy stole all the apples off our nonpareil tree last year, and we can't keep a gooseberry in the garden for him. I can trust his sister any where, she's such a good little quiet thing, but William—

Dr. B. Never fear, Mrs. Atkins; its an excellent organ, under proper government, and will turn to a desire to capture Dutch spice ships, and Spanish argosies. You must send him to sea.

Mrs. A. Ah, well a-day! But, Doctor, how is it that you can tell all these things?

Dr. B. Why, look here my good madam! do you see that projection on the side of—just here, Mrs. Atkins—here my good lady. If I had another child, I could show you what I mean, in a moment.

Mrs. A. Run and fetch your sister, William.

Dr. B. Ay, then I can explain the difference. I'll venture to say there is not such a *combativeness*—why don't you go for your sister, my little man, as your mama bids you?

Mrs. A. Why do you stand there like a simpleton? Go for Fanny this moment.

Child. Pray, mama, don't be angry, I am Fanny.

Mrs. A. Oh, dear me! dear me! this is one of William's unlucky tricks! Get out of my sight, you good for nothing hussy. What will the Doctor say to be made such a fool of?

Dr. B. Make a fool of me, Mrs. Atkins! I should like to see the person that could do that. It is not all the tricks of men, women, and children, that can put down phrenology. But I give you warning, my good madam, that, whatever trouble you may have with your son, you will have more with your daughter. I was never mistaken in my life, and there are organs in that little noddle fit to belong to Joan of Arc. Good morning, Mrs. Atkins! She'll follow the drum, I tell you; or, very likely, go to sea herself. Good morning, ma'm. Make a fool of a Phrenologist, indeed!

AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

In the midst of his noisy mansion sat Phil. Sullivan, wielding his birch as if it had been a sceptre, while his little subjects were ranged around on benches formed of sods, that you may still see along the wall. The fire, when any was required, was made in the centre of the apartment, the fuel being furnished by each scholar bringing a turf daily with him. The door was formed of stakes, interplaced with wattles, a loop of which thrown over a crooked nail, served the purpose of a lock, and a rude table that the master sat at was all the desk in the school. As they came in at the door, the urchins were obliged to make their best bow, by drawing back the left leg, catching the tuft of hair that hung over the forehead, and bringing their stiff necks to the precise mathematical curve that constitutes politeness, whilst Phil. kept sometimes talking English, sometimes Irish, to suit himself to the comprehension of his pupils. Of the manner in which he accomplished this, the following is a specimen:—"Come up here, Pat Greehen," said he to a red-headed boy, dressed in a grey frieze coat, which came down to his heels, and a pair of old leather breeches, that only reaching half way down his thighs, exposing his red measly legs—'Come, stand up here on the table, and let the boys hear how well you can say your letters.' Pat mounted with great confidence; but when his phiz, by being raised into the light, became more distinctly seen. 'Ubbaboo, tearin, murder!' exclaimed Phil, 'where have you been wid that face? Why man alive, you've been kissing the praty pot, and your hair, too, stanning up for a price, like the bristles of a fighting pig. Is there no water in the stream? And it would have been no great trouble to draw your fingers through your hair, any how.' Pat very composedly lifted up the tail of his coat, and spitting upon it, gave his face a wipe that left it streaked like a brindl'd cow. 'There, now,' said Phil, 'blow your nose, and hold up your head like a gentleman.—What is this *aroon*,' said he, pointing to the first letter of the alphabet. Pat scratched his head. 'You don't know what it is; small blame to you, for your mother keeps you running after the cows, when you should be at your *larnin*; but look up at the couples of the house, and try if you can't remember it.' 'A,' said Pat. 'Well done,! what's the name of the next one?' Pat hesitated again. 'What do you call the big fly that makes the honey?' 'B.' 'Och, you're a *genus*, Pat, ready made.' Having arrived at the letter H:—'And what's that, Pat?' 'Be my showl, I don't know.'—'Devil d——n your showl, what do you mane by swearing here in school? a pretty *College* this indeed! What is it that looks like Squire O'Reilly's gate with all the bars knocked out except the one in the middle?' 'Faith and its H.' 'To be sure it is ye spalpeen.' So on he went illustrating in this manner, until he came to the letter O; having tried Pat's *genius* with it two or three ways to no purpose, Phil. was getting out of patience—'what would you say if I was to hit you a *palthog* on the ear?' (suiting the action to the word.) 'O!' cried Pat, clapping his hand upon the afflicted spot which rung with the blow.—'I knew you'd find it,' said Phil. By the help of this adoption Pat struggled through the rest of the letters. 'Well, you may sit down now and send up Mick Moriarty.' Mick was rather further than Pat; he was spelling words. After spelling two or three tolerably well, he came to the word *what*. 'Well, what does w-h-a-t make?' Mick was not sure about it. 'W-h-a-t,' said Phil. 'sounds *fat*, but (conscious of his own error in the pronunciation) when I say *fat*, don't you say *fat*, but do you say *f-t* your own way.' 'Have ye all said yer lessons?' 'Yes, all, all.' 'Then put out the fire dacently and go home.'—*Scenes and Sketches of a Soldier's Life in Ireland.*

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

From the World of Fashion.

Ball Dress.—The petticoat of gros de Naples, of beautiful Athol tartan; with this is a corsage of white satin, with straps across the bust of Tartan, formed into a kind of stomacher by a band of the same, reaching from the shoulder down the waist, on each one of the straps. To the corsage are attached short white satin sleeves, over which are those that are long, en gigot, of tulle fastened at the wrists by a band of plaid, and a very broad enamelled bracelet next to it, clasped with a brooch formed of emeralds and light coloured amethysts, representing the Scotch thistle. Over one shoulder, and fastened on the left side of the waist, is a scarf sash of fancy plaid, of light colours. A hat with the brim turning up all round, is of white crape, trimmed across with ornaments of Athol tartan, and a pink feather, edged round with white, gracefully waving over the left side. Bastions of thistle green satin laced up the front with scarlet, discovering the white silk stocking, surmounted round the leg by a band of tartan silk, complete this tasteful costume.

Morning Dress.—A dress of fine Indian muslin, with two full flounces, richly embroidered at the edges; between each flounce, and above the upper one is a row of beautifully raised embroidery in a festoon pattern of small foliage. The body made a la Circassienne, partially high, with sleeves en gigot, with ample [illegible], falling over, finished by an embroidery corresponding with that on the skirt; and the sleeves confined at the wrists with very broad bracelets of wrought gold, clasped with a brooch of white cornelian. A cap of Kensington blonde, with very large lappets, carelessly crossed over the tacit; the cap slightly ornamented with various kinds of flowers, and surmounted by a white satin ornament of leaves, forming a tulip. The hair arranged in full large curls.

Afternoon Dress.—Dress of pink gros de Naples, with two rows of double flounces, pointed and bound with narrow rouleau-trimming, each flounce headed by the same; body en gerbe, with a double a [illegible] tucker of blonde over the bust; short sleeves of pink gros de Naples, over which are long sleeves of white crepe-lisse, or tulle. Hat of pink crape, with ribands of the same colour, and a full plume of white marabout feathers, very broad blonde of a superb pattern at the edge of the brim, forming a curtain-veil, turned up in front; corvette pointing down the stomach as far as the chin, where they are confined by a bow of pink riband. In carriage airings, or in coming from a dinner party (to which this dress is truly appropriate,) a cachemere scarf shawl thrown over it, with a rich border of broad plain leaves in various colours, terminated by a handsome fringe.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

The Rt. Hon. Jno. Sinclair in addressing English Farmer, on "the means of alleviating the distresses which are likely to result from the unfavourable season, gives the following advice:—When oats and barley are very short in the straw, they should be reaped with a short scythe, as stubble will be much wanted for cattle. The second crop of clover, if it contains much sap, should be placed in alternate layers with straw which will dry it, and at the same time the value of the straw is doubled. The mixture should always be salted. Weeds, dry leaves, fern, river sand, &c. may be added to manure. Winter turnips should be sowed broad cast for cattle. Linseed and oil cake are recommended, which may be procured from the Continent or America. The probability of a scarcity of hay is so great, that a large Scotch Farmer proposes to import it from Holland. Kelp, oil and fish, are recommended for manure, and the farmers are called upon by the writer, to take measures to prevent the evil consequences likely to result in many parts of the kingdom, from "the uncommon heat and dryness of the season; the scarcity of grass, the diminished quantity of hay, the failure in the crop of turnips, and the certain deficiency of straw."

We think the plan and style of this letter might be recommended as an useful model in this country. Timely hints to our Farmers, from men of intelligence, experience, and observation in agricultural subjects, or from Agricultural Societies, might be circulated every season with as much advantage here as in England.

Saturday Evening Post.

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Mr. Strickland's Report to the Pennsylvania Society on the various subjects of Internal Improvements have been published in a beautiful volume by Carey & Lea.

Messrs. Carey & Lea have published a handsome edition, in octavo, of the "History of Chivalry, or Knighthood and its Times," by Charles Mills, author of the History of the Crusades.

We have received the *Museum of Foreign Literature* for August, and take this opportunity to say, that the work fully maintains the character which we ascribed to it at the commencement of the year. We have never seen in any Magazine of this kind (consisting entirely of selections) such [illegible] the merit that in our own opinion belongs to this. Indeed whoever wishes to secure to himself the excellencies of the English periodical works, without being incommoded with their trash, will do well to subscribe for this work. *New York Daily Advertiser.*

The Museum is published every month by E. LITTELL, Philadelphia, and G. & C. Carvill, New York—price Six Dollars a year, payable *always* in advance. A new series was begun in January, 1826. The old series, commenced in seven volumes, which will be sold at *half price*, that is $1 50 per vol. in numbers; or if handsomely bound, at Two Dollars a volume.

MINERS' JOURNAL.

This paper published at Mount Carbon, at the head of the Schuylkill Navigation, and in the centre of the *Anthracite* region of Pennsylvania, has been before the public more than a year; and although it has given general satisfaction, has not received the patronage and support to which it is entitled. It is generally admitted, that the Miners' Journal is a valuable paper, that it is conducted with great ability, that it has done much good in the interior of the State, by making the invisible resources of Schuylkill and the adjoining counties better known, and by exciting among the inhabitants of the new settled country at the head of the Schuylkill a desire for improvement; and that it has rendered essential service in the promotion of practical and Internal improvement.

Those disposed to subscribe for this paper will have an opportunity to do so in a few days, when an individual will call on them for this purpose, and it is hoped the friends of science, and the public spirited promoters of the welfare of this Commonwealth, will not withhold their support from this useful publication. *A friend to every useful Enterprise.*

The canal commissioners of Pennsylvania met at their office in this city on Tuesday afternoon. The members present were Mr. Sergeant, president; Dr. Patterson, Dr. Darlington, General Lacock, Judge Scott, Thomas Enoch and Charles Mowry, Esqrs. General Montgomery and General Philips are not expected to attend. We understand that several interesting questions are to be decided at this meeting, and that the session will probably continue some days.

The Independent Company of Washington Blues, took passage in the steamboat, on Sunday noon, for Baltimore. In consequence of the ill health of Captain Baker, General Patterson, the former commander of the company, yielded to the solicitation of officers and men, expressed in an unanimous vote, and took command of the Blues, during the present expedition. They were received with great cordiality and distinguished marks of respect were paid them during their stay. The corps returned yesterday in fine health and spirits, and were escorted into the city by the first Regiment of Volunteers.

The two Canton ships, the Rush and Scattergood, in which there is an apparent ownership of Mr. E. Thomson, have safely arrived. They are in custody of the Marshal. They sailed from this port the same day, arrived at Canton the same day, sailed from thence again the same day, and have arrived here within a day of each other.

Several boarding house keepers in this city have, within a short time, suffered losses by receiving strangers into their houses, who after a very short residence have decamped, taking with them sundry valuables articles of furniture and dress, and leaving as security their trunks heavily laden with brick bats, and other valuable of a similar nature.

There has been a notice inserted in a Cayuga paper in relation to the death of Paul Allen, Esq. stating that he was editor of the Baltimore "*Saturday Evening Post.*" This is a mistake—there is but one paper printed by this title in the United States. The paper meant, we suppose, is the "Saturday Herald."

The Philadelphia Museum now contains an extensive and very complete collection of the dresses, arms, implements, pipes and instruments of music, etc. of the Sioux, Shienne, Aricaree, Mandan and Osage Nations of Indians. This collection consists of the male and female dresses of the above nations, ornamented in their peculiar manner with dyed porcupine quills, and contains all their Dresses of War, Ceremony, and the Dance.

Strangers, as well as our returning citizens, will be highly gratified by a visit to the Academy of Fine Arts. Most of the best pictures sent to the late exhibitions still remain, and, in the place of those that have been removed, others are substituted, generally of equal merit. Many new pictures are now put up, and the whole condition of the rooms is rich and brilliant in various departments of the arts.

On Saturday night a woman was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital, in consequence of her throat having been cut by her husband. They lived in Race street near Schuylkill Sixth street. The woman has since recovered and the man, whose name is Israel Richards, has been tried and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

The brig Gov. Parris, arrived at the port of New York on Sunday last, from Grenada. Her late commander, Capt. James P. Perkins, of Saco, fell overboard on the night of the 20th ult. and was drowned. The boat was immediately put out, but it being very dark and squally, she filled, and rendered the exertions of the crew to save him of no effect. Capt. P. had a large Newfoundland dog, that jumped overboard to save his master, and was lost with him.

A story, taken from one of the English papers, is now going the rounds of ours, that the Count de Survilliers has made application to be permitted to reside in the Netherlands; and even that he is fitting up a superb house at Brussels. We believe there is not the least foundation for this very circumstantial tale.—He is certainly going on, at this time, with very expensive improvements at his present residence, and has just made a very large purchase of land in addition to it.

The New Jersey (Princeton) Patriot mentions that twenty pages of the London Theological Review for June 1826, are devoted to a laboured and most scurrilous diatribe upon the United States. Bishop Hobart's sermon, delivered soon after his return from Europe, forms the occasion of this bitter effusion.

On Friday afternoon week, about 5 o'clock, the grinding mill at the Eden Park Powder Works, near Wilmington, Del. belonging to Mr. J. P. Garesche, exploded—by which accident one man was badly, though not dangerously injured. There were seven horses at work in the mill, of which three were killed. The explosion was distinctly felt, and the smoke seen at Frenchtown, 20 miles distant.

Twenty-five thousand tons of merchandize have ascended and descended the Schuylkill Navigation, during the present season, from its commencement to the 18th of August, when the navigation was closed for the purpose of making it better. It is a fair calculation that, at the end of the season, the whole amount of articles transported on the canal, will, at least, be fifty thousand tons.

Bells for churches, screws for paper mills, various articles of cutlery and surgical instruments, beautiful carpets of floor cloths, are made and supplied at York, Pennsylvania. The supply of many valuable articles is every day rapidly approaching the amount of the demand, but as yet it is far short of it.

The operative smiths and grate makers of New-York have agreed to a series of resolutions in opposition to the *convict labour* of the penitentiary. It seems they are much injured by the cheapness of this kind of labour. They pledge themselves to repair no grates made by the convicts, and to support all their brethern who may be injured by them.

The Union Course races on Long-Island, commence on the third of October next:—

First day four mile heats, for	$500
Second day three mile heats, for	300
Third day two mile heats, for	200

The last Milledgeville Recorder, in speaking of Gov. Troup's intention to survey the ceded lands, on the 1st inst. says, "that the surveys ordered will extend only to the Chatahoochie—not embracing all the country ceded by either Treaty, but that portion only which is undoubtedly ceded by both, and is consequently in strict conformity to each."

The National Journal of Monday contains a circular letter recently addressed to the several Governors of states and territories, by the Secretary of the Treasury, with certain queries to be answered by those citizens who possess information on the subject of the cultivation of the silkworm. The subject is an important one, and from recent experiments made in this city, and other states, we have no doubt that much practical information will be elicited in answer to these queries.

A letter from Montreal states that the notorious Morrel M'Goon, was tried in the Court of King's Bench, on Tuesday last, for forgery on Prime, Ward, King & Co. of New-York, and found guilty. He will no doubt be sentenced to death. It is but three years since, that this fellow was found guilty of the same offence, and subsequently pardoned on condition of his leaving the country.

A gentleman who has lately been travelling through the western part of the state of New-York, states that the drought there is great beyond parallel, and there is much suffering in consequence. He also states that apples are more abundant in that section of the country than they have been for many years past. They are rotting on the ground, because the owners cannot make use of them.

The frigate Potomac, which was hauled up in May, 1822, upon an inclined plane, was last week launched at Washington. The plane upon which the ship was raised, had been constructed for an experiment, and as the whole of the operation in elevating and launching the vessel was without accident or delay, it is therefore completely successful.

A whole family have been buried under a land avalanche, or slide from the White Mountains of New-Hampshire. It was the family of Mr. Wiley, whose house was near the Notch, consisting of himself, his wife, five children and two hired men, all of whom were suddenly swept from time to eternity by this lamentable disaster. Three of those unfortunate persons have since been dug out from under the earth and rocks, which were carried along them.

The Baltimore Monument exhibits the appearance of a magnificent column. It is 20 feet diameter at the base and elevated on another base 50 feet square. Its proportions are purely Greek, and is to be surmounted with a statue of Washington. The whole height is 130 feet. The column is ready to receive the statue. The Legislature of Maryland has appropriated $10,000 a year until the whole is finished.

According to the last Canada papers, the cultivators of one of the great staples of our states are to encounter competition from a new quarter. The arrival of a steamboat at York, U. C. is mentioned in a paper of that town, the cargo of which consisted in part of *sixty hogsheads of tobacco*, intended for the Montreal market, the produce of the western part of the upper province. The attention of the farmers there, it is said, has been turned to the cultivation of this article, and a large quantity will be offered in the market this year, which is expected to be much increased during the next.

It is stated, that in the commercial treaty arranging between England and Hayti, a stipulation has been acceded to, that "all Negroes who run away from the British colonies are to be restored on application being made to the President for them, and repaying any expenses that may have been incurred by their detention or otherwise."

The City of Mobile, in the State of Alabama, is almost the only one which appears to have suffered much from disease during this year. For the population, a great number of persons have died there within the last three months. A lady, who writes to her friend in New-York on the subject, gives us, with a dash of the pen, a powerful impression of the sensation produced on the survivors by this mortality. "We feel," says she, "as if we were in a field of battle, and know not where the next ball may strike."

A letter has been received from Mexico, which states that the English mines in that country under the direction of the "Chief Commissioner," the Chevalier Rivatanoli, have yielded a nett profit of thirty per cent. for three months. The mines under the superintendance of this gentleman were among the first put in a state of progressive operation since their destruction by the revolutionists, and although not now completed, are so far so, as to yield the profit mentioned above.

Harvard college is the oldest, and may with propriety be styled the parent literary institution of our country. It was founded in 1638, and was endowed with a legacy, by the Rev. John Harvard of Charlestown, of £779 17s. 2d. sterling being one half of his estate. In acknowledgement of his munificence it bears his name. Degrees were first conferred in 1642; and in 1650 it was chartered. The professorships of divinity, and of mathematics and natural philosophy were founded in 1762 by Mr. Thomas Hollis of London. The professorship of Hebrew was established by Thomas Hancock, esq. 1765. Other professorships have since been established and generously endowed by individuals. From the founding of the college to the year 1794, 3399 young persons received its honors, of whom 1079 became ministers of the gospel.

Lieutenant Sherburne of the United States navy, is now actively engaged in surveying the harbor of Baltimore in order to ascertain its suitability for a navy yard, agreeably to the appropriation of congress for that object. It was apprehended, says the American, that the frigate built ship Baltimore, commanded by Captain Buchanan, would find some difficulty in getting out of the harbor, as she draws nearly twenty feet water; but she was on Saturday morning towed down by steamboats, in fine style, to her moorings, two miles below the fort, where she has made good anchorage in not less than 24 feet water at low tide.

AUCTION SALES.

The Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, in England, has recently decided that, in a sale of property at vendue, the seller could not legally employ a person to bid *for him*, unless it were made known in the conditions of sale. The fact not being stated in the conditions of sale, such a measure would be a gross fraud. This is a decision of no small importance; and is worthy of being known here, as well as in Great Britain. It is believed such sales are frequently made; and the principle which would govern the English courts, would very probably be adopted by ours, if the question were brought before them.

The Peruvian Congress commenced its session on the 29th March last.

Mr. Canas, late Minister to this country, has been appointed Secretary of the Treasury of Central America. He is a man of first rate fiscal talents, and will, doubtless, add much to the respectability of that Government.

General Bolivar, it is expected, will have reached, before this time, the disaffected quarter of the State of Colombia; and there is reason to believe that the object of his return, the restoration of order, and of submission to the Constitution and laws of the Republic, will have been immediately accomplished, by his presence.

The American Congress of Deputies, which assembled some time ago at Panama, has adjourned, to meet at a village, in the neighborhood of the City of Mexico, and holds its sessions there.

It appears that this adjournment was not without good reason. Of the few persons assembled, Mr. Dawkins, the British Commissioner to Panama, had lost, by death, both his Secretaries. That shore is more fatal to the lives of visiters than even the coast of Africa is to the whites. The Commissioner of the King of the Netherlands had gone to Vera Cruz, to be nearer the place of re-union. But, if he stays long there, the fate of the two British Secretaries will almost certainly overtake him—the climate of Vera Cruz being as fatal to strangers as that of Panama. The lamented Mr. Anderson fell a martyr to the climate.

The Annual Report of the Commissioners of the Morris Canal is just published in the New Jersey papers, and furnishes an interesting and satisfactory account of the progress of this work. In allusion to an impression which had been entertained in relation to a scarcity of water for the purposes of the canal, the report asserts that four times the requisite quantity can be obtained from Lake Hopatkung alone. It appears that the only serious difficulty ever contemplated in the execution of the Canal was the *elevation* it was to surmount. That, however, is now dwindled to a point. The mountain has become a mole-hill. The experiment of the inclined plane at Rockway terminates every doubt which could have been entertained respecting its utility as a substitute for Locks in a hilly country. The advantages of inclined planes as a substitute for Locks, both as respects economy in the construction and facility with which the elevation is overcome, are thus stated in the Report:—

"An inclined plane, costing about $6300, will, with certainty and safety, lift a boat and cargo up a height of 50 feet in 12 minutes, while the same operation by lockage would cost $22,500 and occupy 45 minutes. Persons who doubt the strength of chain and materials, may satisfy themselves by viewing the Dry Dock, where vessels of 300 tons are carried up a plane less solid than ours, which can never be subjected to a strain above 50 tons. The value of the improvement may be estimated by considering that out of 1730 feet of rise and fall, about 1470 will be upon inclined planes, probably costing $184,000 and requiring six hours to pass, whereas, a lockage of the same height would cost $662,000, and occupy nearly 22 hours, besides an annual expense for extra lock keepers."

The Commissioners calculate that, from the trade and resources of New Jersey alone, without reference to the transportation of coal from the mines of Pennsylvania, the stockholders are certain to derive a profit of nine and a half per cent per annum upon the capital invested.

LATE EUROPEAN ADVICES.

We are enabled, through the politeness of Mr. T. Snowden, of the N. Y. National Advocate, again to acknowledge the receipt of a file of English and French papers.

The Liverpool Albion of the 31st July, states, that the weather had been intensely hot within the four preceding days, and had been very little mitigated by a shower, on the evening of the 30th; indeed that it was almost intolerable.

The long continuance of dry weather in the Northern parts of the Continent also, had rendered the forests so likely to take fire, that serious apprehensions were entertained for the effects of conflagration in the vicinities of towns and cities.

It was rumoured in Liverpool that Parliament would be assembled this year earlier than usual.—The regulation of several branches of trade, it was said, required it.

Mr. Gallatin, our minister to England, arrived at Liverpool, in the Florida, on the 31st July.

Accounts of the deaths of Jefferson and Adams reached Liverpool by the Leeds, Capt. Stoddard, the 30th July. The papers remark that singular coincidence.

The crops in England will not be very abundant.

Mr. Allen, the American, late in the service of the Greeks, has arrived in London.

On the 21st July, a brig from Rio de la Plata for London, foundered in an instant, near the Isle of Wight, with 37 passengers asleep. Of the whole number of persons on board, only two were saved.

A young lady, near York, England, while running down stairs with a pair of scissors in her hand, unfortunately fell, and the points of the scissors entered her heart and killed her.

By a law of the late Alexander, slaves are forbidden to be sold. To evade the law, a person advertises to lend for assistance, his

Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1826.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"CORNELIA."—(we make it a point, at all times, to present our respect to the ladies first,) will meet attention in our next.

"A tale of Truth," a prose article—and several poems entitled "Fancy"—"Fame"—"Prayer for Greece"—"The Mother"—"What is Love?"—"Coban bia's curse"—"Death of Jefferson"—and a private note, proceed ng from the prolific pen of the "MILFORD BARD" has been received through the medium of the Post Office. We are much indebted to this trio (friends for numerous valuable contributions; the liberality with which he has constantly patronized our columns deserves a suitable return; we shall henceforth take proper measures for reciprocating his kind attentions.

We really do not possess a knowledge of suitable terms in which to convey our feelings to our friend "A MOUNTAINEER," who writes to us "all the way from Pleasant Valley high up in Georgia." It certainly would be overstepping the bounds of modesty, to publish all the flattering things he says —especially as they refer to ourselves—we have no other motive for omitting his very pleasing article.

"Monmouth" shall be heard anon—it is questioned whether particular parts of his dream did not occur in broad day light "with eyeballs glaring wide"—this is the case with some dreamers, and they leave room for the suspicion, they indite so methodically.—Sleeping or awake, he seems honest, to possess a portion of the flexibility of human nature—and being a Bachelor, while we encourage him in his airy visions, we recommend the poet's text for his next dream:

"If a mortal would point out that life, ,
That on earth would be nearest to heaven,
Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife,
To whom truth and honour are given!"

An interview with L. D. whose article we insert to-day, is requested.

"The Miseries of Human Life," E. G. S. —"The Remembrance," Novanus—"The Mariner's Prayer," C. D.—&c. are placed on our files this week.

There will be no necessity for an apology, we presume, we are certain our readers will rejoice in not having to peruse the letter of our lovesick correspondent "Ariadne" this week, and one of the accompanying pieces of poetry, "Love and Friendship"—especially as they are the proper judges whether a more intimate knowledge with the writer's name will interest them so much, interest to be continued in the regular series which it promises to adopt—for ourselves, more mature reflection has determined us to qualify several hasty remarks that we might have ventured on the subject by the opinion of those who are selected as umpires in an affair so nice.

Philadelphia, Sept. 7, 1826.

Dear Mr. Editors—I embrace this opportunity to send you a couple of pieces of poetry of my own composing. I must inform you that I have written a book full of poetry, which my friends say is a surprising and an astonishing production, and they say that I have a particular turn for writing poetry, and as I write to encourage your elegant paper, which I think is far superior to any published in this country, I have sent the pieces to you—and I intend to send some of my best pieces regularly to you, such as will make the heart thrill "with anxious hopes and fears, and draw from beauty's eyes their tears." This is no studied thought, but a right off hand one.—Perhaps you have frequently heard of me in your circle of acquaintance, as my poetry is pretty generally known in this city, as well as elsewhere, and I pride myself in thinking, that the lambent critic can find no line that does not contain the true spirit of poetry.—In my next I intend to send you an essay on the art of writing poetry—" Secundum artium"—in which I shall make copious extracts from the best ancient and modern authors. I would give my real name but I do not wish to be brought before the public previous to my publishing my complete works. Dear Meests. Editors, I remain, with respect, your servant to command.—*Ariadne*

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Love is a feeling fleeting,
Sometimes cruel—sometimes heating;
It often makes us cry,
And often makes us sigh.

But thou, oh Friendship! hath the power
To turn to joy our darkest hour,
To ease the heart of anxious fears,
To lay misfortune's burning tears.

Then take Love from this breast of mine,
And Friendship lend thy power divine,
To ease of care this lamenting heart,
And peace to it once more impart.

Ariadne.

We shall wait for the decision.

In the state of Ohio, a law was passed by the last legislature, authorising a tax of one mill on a mill on the dollar, to be levied upon the taxable property of each individual, to be collected in the usual manner, and deposited in the hands of the county treasurer, as a general school fund. Each town in the state is to be divided into school districts of a suitable size, and teachers of proper character and qualifications are to be employed by a school committee, to be paid from the amount of the town tax; and if this should be insufficient, the balance may be drawn from the state or general funds. This appears to us to approach nearer to the excellent public schools system of the New England states, and especially of Massachusetts, than that of any other State south and west of New York.—We are happy to notice the existence of such a law in Ohio; it is in accordance with the spirit of literary improvement which is manifested in many of the recent acts of the state Leg slature of our Western sister. Opposition to the provisions of this law is, we regret to add, evident and strong in the Southern part of the state. This is to be the more wondered at, as the state of education, general and practicable, was certainly low in Ohio; whatever the fathers had learned, however high may have been their attainments, they had not adopted measures to perpetuate the extension of useful knowledge. Good schools were indeed furnished in the large towns, and there were men rich enough to employ well educated teachers, and these are the persons who usually possess the means of making their opinions known abroad, and the ideas of a small, but rich minority, are too often mistaken for the will of the whole.

The opposition made to the law in Ohio is supported by the same arguments usually advanced in other states when similar measures have been proposed, and objected to. They are that such a tax is oppressive and unjust, inasmuch as it compels the rich man, or the person of property, to support in some measure the children of his poorer neighbour, giving the same advantages to the offspring of the idle and dissolute as to the industrious and economical—and compelling the bachelor and the childless husband to contribute to the bringing up of those for whom he has not much affection nor interest —such an idea, abstractly considered, might be considered worth much in an argument—but those who are fond of using it, should remember that the relations into which we are born, as members of the great political family require some sacrifices of certain natural rights, in order to secure others of greater importance —nothing is more simple and more generally admitted in practice, than such an axiom—why then start from a school tax? The rich man pays from his abundance a large tax towards the complet on of roads, turnpikes, and all other means of public conveyance; county buildings are decorated at the expense of his purse; government is supported by his contributions, while the poor man and his ignorant offspring enjoy the full benefit of good roads, handsome buildings, and an equitable government. The rich man pays his *large* tax towards the erection of a poor house and the support of its inmates—while the poor man resorts to the provision of public alms without a thought of obligation to the rich provider. Surely, in a Republican government, every child is a component part of the great public treasure—the wealth of individuals is their own, to be demanded in part as public exigencies may require; but individuals themselves appertain to the public—and that commonwealth is guilty of the grossest negligence that neglects to prepare measures for the perpetuation of itself—that man must be grossly ignorant of the true principles of political economy, who does not see that a tax for the education of all, is as consistent with the rights of the whole, as a tax for ruling all—*for conscripting* all, and quite as expedient. This is a subject upon which much can be said, because it is of vital importance to the existence of our present institutions, and though we have referred to the situation of things in Ohio, our remarks, like the calculations of the Almanack makers, will apply to any of the adjoining states.

MR. PARKINSON.

It is not enough to *live*—but, as Othello says, we must "enjoy the *sweets* of life"—to drag out an existence just *supported* with the *necessaries* and not *nourished* with the comforts of living, is worse than that *negative* vegetable existence, which the mind shrinks from contemplating. It is the life of the poor beast who seeks a remuneration for his day's toil in the bramble bush, or the thistle's more piquant provocation.

Catching a glimpse of those rays which emanate from the establishment of Mr. Parkinson, in Chesnut street, opposite the Masonic Hall, we were, a few evenings since, led to pursue our ideas on the comparative comforts of existence—and if we were carried further than a mere *contemplation*, let it be imputed rather to the strength of the temptation than the weakness of resolution or unrestrained appetite—but why should *resolution* be strong against legitimate pleasures—or why should not the appetite be gratified with a little of the good, rather than *much* of the evils of provisions.

The goodly display on the shelves of Mr Parkinson, of all that can excite without inebriating, or gratify without cloying, would teach an anchorite to ask absolution from his vow of abstinence. *Bon ton* of every description, from solid cakes to high flummeries—from the domestic grape to the costly pine apple, together with liquid treasures that fabricate the throat and provoke the appetite to new essays. The neatness, the elegance of Mr. Parkinson's arrangements, are worthy especial commendation, and cannot fail to inviting attention, while the rich luxuries of his stores, displayed with tempting variety, would "create an appetite under the ribs of death."

The High School—We understand that in consequence of the great number of applications for admission to this institution, beyond what can be received with the present arrangements, it is intended to open a new department as soon as the necessary accommodations can be prepared.

The acting American Theatre, No. 6, which is just published, contains an excellent engraved likeness of Mr. F. Wemyss, in the character of Rolando, in the comedy of the Honey Moon. Mr. Longacre, in executing this plate, has exerted uncommon talent, and gives a happy illustration of the rapid progress of American Arts.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

The Callowhill street Market will shortly be finished. It is very large and handsome.

The elegant Steam Boat, called the Albany, will be launched this day about 2 o'clock, P. M. from the ship yard of Samuel Grice, Esq. Kensington. The boat is intended to run between New-York and Albany.

The fourth Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, will take place at Trenton on Tuesday and Friday the 14th and 15th of October next, at the Black Lion, Queen's Lane Coffee House, on the Delaware Frontage.

The clerk, Joseph Hemphill, the representative from this city, has resigned his seat in congress. The feeble state of his health has induced him to withdraw from public life for the present.

A boy fell from the second story window of a house in North street on Tuesday afternoon, and had a leg and arm broken. He was flying kite from the window.

Frances Leroy, of Philadelphia, age 143 years, a cousin on board of the sloop Farmers' Industries, lying at James slip, New-York, fell from her mast head, a few days ago, and struck with her head on the main hatch and was instantly killed.

On Friday evening week, a stable in the vicinity of seven and Arch street, was with its contents destroyed by fire. Four valuable horses perished in the flames, and a fifth was so much injured that he had received material injury.

A fine, fat, freaky Alligator, is now running at large in Bartram's Botanic, Garden, near Gray's Ferry, on the Schuylkill. He is tied by a long rope to a stake, and displays a beautiful set of teeth.

At the Children's Asylum, in Southwark, lower end of Fifth street, a hundred children of the poor have been taught according to the plan used in infant schools, in England, and their proficiency is very striking.

The numbers drawn in the Delaware State Lottery, were—

1 30 7 23

It is stated that there is considerable sickness along the canal from Reading to Norristown. It is attributed in a great measure to the water having been drawn from the canal at this season of the year.

The Savannah Georgian of the 31st ult. says, the prospect is great of extensive Rice crops in Georgia, and will exceed considerably those of last year.

Captain R. R. Crocker, of the ship Pacific, of New York, has completed one hundred and thirty-four passages across the Atlantic; and has never met with any serious disaster or accident at sea.

A coffin has been made in New-York, which will effectually prevent the resurrectionists from violating the sanctuary of the grave. It is constructed upon the model of one for which a patent has been obtained in England.

The family of the late Casimere Nolin, of Laprairie, have been arrested on suspicion of having some knowledge of the cause which led to his death.

The Bank of Augusta has given notice that all change bills of that institution, which are suspiciously patched, or pieces thereof, will be crossed on presentation, as there are persons who take pieces from bills to form an additional one.

It is said that a plaster of gum gallanum, applied to the chest will cure the whooping cough.

The Postage on letters between New-York and Buffalo has been reduced from 25 to 18¾ cents, the distance by the nearest mail route being less than 400 miles.

A leopard was landed at New York on Saturday last, from the brig Leopanty, from Hispaniola, and by the origin of the name.

The Worcester Spy contains a list of twenty-four marriages in the town of Brimfield, Mass celebrated within the last twelve months. One of the gentlemen married is described as a "senior member of the Old Bachelor's Society." *Good.*

The steamboat Niagara, has made a voyage or trip from Black Rock to Detroit up and back in 4 days and 13 hours, including her stay at the latter place, 21 hours.

Mr. Dickrow, of New Jersey, is boring for water at Albany to supply a brewery. The workmen have penetrated to the depth of *two hundred and thirty feet*, most of the way through a slate rock.

The establishment of the "Western Press," published in Mercer, in this state, is offered for sale. Its advertising patronage appears to be very good, and its subscription list is said to be respectable.

A satirical work entitled "Horace in New York," is about to be published in that city, and, it is said, comes from the pen of one of the most distinguished literary characters of the place.

The bill for establishing an uniform system of Bankrupt laws, as reported to the last session of Congress, has been published in a pamphlet form in Boston.

The ship of the line now building at Portsmouth will be called the Alabama, and the frigate the Santee.

The grand jury of Guilford county, North Carolina, lately presented a juror for being intoxicated in the jury box, and the court fined him fifty dollars; the fine is to be reduced to one dollar, if the juror will prove to the next court that he has kept sober since the last term.

According to Mr. Hardy, there are about six thousand Jews in the United States. Common calculations represent them at about three thousand.

The state election in Vermont took place on Tuesday of last week. The candidates for governor and lieutenant governor were very numerous. The Salem Gazette says, it is most probable that no choice was made of either of those officers.

At Petersburg, Virginia, a man is to be tried for imposing upon the editor of the Petersburg Intelligencer, an account of a marriage which never took place.

A greater quantity of rain fell during the last month at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, than had been remembered to have fallen in the same length of time by any of the oldest inhabitants. It rained or mizzled days in that unfortunate month.

The Quebec Gazette, in noticing the recent heavy rains at the eastward, remarks, that in Quebec there has not probably fallen four or five inches of rain since the middle of May. The drought and warmth of the summer in Lower Canada is said to be without known precedent.

A letter from Baton Rouge, Aug. 9, says:— "A Pendton war, one hour ago, killed by a stab from a dirk, inflicted by Mr. J. P. Poffe. They had a rencounter, and Pendton snapped a pistol at Poffe, about the time the fatal stab was given.

On sunday, August 11, on Crooked creek, Nicholas county, (Ken.) a Mr. Richey was stabbed in the right side by Thomas Simcoe, of which wound he expired on Tuesday evening, and Simcoe made his escape.

A Fayetteville (Tenn.) paper of Aug. 9 says—On Tuesday week, Duncan Bonds, without any known provocation, and without the least previous intimation, deliberately shot dead Mr. Felix Grundy, a citizen of the county, so as to cause his death on the sunday following.

Gen. La Fayette, entered upon his seventieth year on the 6th inst.

It is stated in the Boston Centinel, on the information of a gentleman at present with General Bolivar, that his age is about 42, and that he has never been married.

Late New Orleans papers state that the health of the city was never better, in the most favoured years. Not a single case of yellow fever had been heard of, although the weather had been remarkably warm.

The donations received by the Treasurer of the American Bible Society, during the months of July and August, amounted to $5,675,00—in the same period 11,281 books and testaments were issued, in value $3,000,00.

On May 28th, 1743, the first stone of the Pennsylvania Hospital was laid by Mr. Joshua Fisher, President, assisted by the rest of the managers, and the Physicians of the Hospital.

A Mr. Charles I. Holmes of Jasper (Ga.) has posted a Col. Jordan "as a wilful and deliberate liar," and publishes a whole column of those words in print.

George W. Harris, a freemason, has been appointed the Rowan Lodge, by a unanimous vote, "for the courageous deportment of his manly conduct."—Does this vote leave his second conduct untouched?

At the court held in Barnstable County, Massachusetts, last week, an elderly man who has property worth fifteen thousand dollars, was convicted of stealing a blanket.

Noah Edwards, Esq. of notorious memory, is elected Governor in the state of Illinois.

The Kentucky Public Advertiser says, the work on the Louisville and Portland Canal is progressing *rapidly*. The force has been greatly augmented, being now equal to about 1,000 hands.

In Savannah, there is a "Benevolent Theatrical Society," which performs plays at the theatre, for charitable purposes.

The New Orleans Mercantile Advertiser says, that a letter was received there, from Fort Adams, stating that the country in that neighbourhood is very sickly. The prevailing disease was called the "Cold Plague," and carried people off after an illness of 18 hours.

CIRCUS.

In addition to the usual feats of Horsemanship, Slack Vaulting, Slack Rope, and Black Wire performances, by Messrs. Blyth, Stoker, Blakely, Spencer, &c. Clown Mr. Barkley; Monsieur and Madame Bouvier, from the theatre Bordeaux, will on this and next week, exhibit the Pantomime of the

GRAND ENTRY OF THE CHINESE EMPEROR,

Or the Court of Pekin, in which will be introduced the Chinese Dance, by Monsieur and Madame Bouvier, Mr. Barkley, Miss Spencer, &c. Clown Mr. Barkley; Monsieur and Madame Bouvier, from the theatre Bordeaux, will on this and next week, exhibit the Pantomime of the

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battle rages—now the foe retreats—now they rally. Hand me my sword, and bring my horse—let it not be said that an American soldier tarnished his fame with cowardice."

A deep groan succeeded the last word—quivering of the lips ensued—a rattling in the throat—a fluttering of the pulse—another groan and all was over.—Every tongue was palsied; the fisherman and a few others had entered the cottage. Lucy was absorbed by the agonies of grief, and Ellen looked in silence at the lifeless corse. As the sun when he leaves the world in darkness throws behind him a lingering ray of light upon the evening sky, so did a calm and placid smile still play upon the old man's countenance. It was the last ray from his setting sun of glory.

We left the lonesome cottage, and but few words passed between us on our way to the village. I shall always love Ellen for her goodness, because there is nothing that elevates a woman's character like tenderness.—The remembrance of that night will require a long time to be eradicated from my memory; it will serve to tell me how a brave man was left to struggle with misfortune, and die neglected, who had fought and bled for the independence of his country.

* * * * * * *

MILFORD BARD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CAPTAIN JOHN MARKLAND AT THE *Battle of Germantown.*

Night, drear and dark, to day gave birth,
Roll'd back his curtains from the earth,
The morn in clouds was drest,
When down the road the Patriot band,
To meet the invaders of their land
They silent onward prest.

Conway's brigade* brought on the fight,
And soon the advance on left and right,
Rush'd to the dreadful fray;
The Britons aw'd, fell slowly back,
Columbia's sons, full on their track,
Triumphant bent their way—

The neighing war horse paw'd the ground,
And death, in every shape, around
Wag'd on his fell career;
Markland with zeal led on his men
His orders "turn their flank and then
Charge round upon their rear."

"Strike for our country," *Markland* said,
"Our cause is just, nor be dismay'd,
For victory waits for you;"
But soon alas! a dreadful wound
Pour'd out his blood upon the ground—
Reluctant he withdrew—

His shatter'd arm† could do no more,
But forc'd to leave the battle's roar
He seeks some friendly aid;
The crimson tide was ebbing fast,
Languid and faint he reached at last
Some covert's friendly shade—

Soon ere returning health had blest,
His active form, disdaining rest
He sought the field again;
Through seven long years of toil and blood,
Pledg'd to his country firmly stood
Till peace resum'd her reign.

Shall *Markland!* he, whose youthful form
Endur'd for us the battle's storm,
An office seek in vain;
No, cries a Host to freedom true,
Markland, we give our votes to you,
We love the Patriot's name.

* John Markland, (now a Candidate for the office of County Commissioner,) was an Officer in Captain Bower's company, 6th Pennsylvania Regiment, forming part of Conway's brigade.

† His right arm was broken near the shoulder by a ball.

L. D.

SIMON BOLIVAR.

The following Biographical sketch of the brave and patriotic BOLIVAR, to whom his country is indebted for the inestimable privileges of civil liberty, and all the blessings that follow in their train, is peculiarly appropriate at this moment, when the brilliant achievements of his arms, and the holy lustre that adorns his name, is, as it ought to be, the theme of admiration with all our countrymen who are capable of reflection; a name that needs no title to render it conspicuous.

The celebrated defender of South American Independence, was born at Caracas, in 1785, and is of a noble and extremely rich family. He was sent at an early period to Spain, to be educated, and when he had completed his studies, he went to Paris, where he was much noticed for his talents and learning in all the best societies of the capital. At Paris he was a constant attendant on all the public lectures. He contracted an intimacy with Humboldt and Bonpland—travelled with them for some time, and successively visited England, Italy, Switzerland, and a large part of Germany, to make himself acquainted with their customs, and the character of man.—Returning to Venezuela, he was appointed a colonel in the service of the [illegible] established republic, and was sent to London on an important mission, the expense of which he himself defrayed.—When [illegible] Miranda gave up the command at Puerto Cabello, but the Spanish prisoners having risen and seized the fort, Bolivar was obliged to evacuate the town, and proceed by sea to Caracas.

After Miranda had been defeated with Monteverde, [illegible] resistance [illegible] to be at an end in Venezuela, Bolivar retired to Carthagena, where he formed a [illegible], by which he procured a [illegible]. He then offered his services to the Congress of New Granada, and they were accepted. Finding that the Venezuelans were disposed once more to throw off the Spanish yoke, he obtained from the Congress a body of five hundred men, with which, in 1813, he penetrated across the Andes into Venezuela, and after several sanguinary contests, succeeded in wresting from the enemy the whole of the province, excepting the [illegible] Puerto Cabello, in the latter of which Monteverde defended himself with the most obstinate determination. It was in this campaign that the governor's decree of exterminatory war began, in consequence of the Spaniards having put to death some of their prisoners.

The Spanish dominion would have been annihilated, had not Monteverde contrived to arm the slaves, and thus to excite insurrection over the whole extent of the country. Boves, Puy, Palomo and others, were at the head of these auxiliaries to the Spaniards. The whole country was ravaged with fire and sword. Bolivar who had now been declared dictator of Venezuela, marched against these new enemies, overthrew them in some encounters, and would probably have destroyed them, had he not divided his army, and suffered himself to be surprised by Boves, who defeated him in a decisive engagement. The consequence was disunion among the republicans, and the complete triumph of the royalists, who showed no mercy to their antagonists. Bolivar again returned to New Granada, and served two years under the banners of Congress.

When the Spanish troops, under Morillo, reached the South American coast, in 1815, Bolivar threw himself into Carthagena, which he defended for a long time, till resistance became hopeless. He then made his way with part of his army through the besiegers, and retired to St. Domingo. Carthagena surrendered to the Spaniards in 1815, and by June 1816, Morillo had reduced not only the Caracas, but also New Granada, the capital of the latter province having fallen into his hands.

The spirit of resistance, however, was not destroyed. The Americans drove the Spaniards from the island of Margarita, and Bolivar arriving there with his forces, which he had embarked at Aux Cayes, was soon joined by Brion. After some attempts on the coasts of Caracas and New Granada, Bolivar and Brion ascended the Orinoco, and made themselves masters of Angustura, the capital of Spanish Guiana. There Bolivar increased his strength by means of volunteers from Europe, and prepared to commence another struggle with Morillo. In 1817, he ascended the river Apure, and penetrated into Caracas, as far as Calabozo. But after several hard fought battles he was worsted in a contest near Ortiz, and compelled to return to Angustura.

Undismayed by these reverses, Bolivar changed his plan, and resolved to begin by the conquest of New Granada, an operation which was likely to succeed, as the enemy did not expect to be attacked in that quarter. Accordingly, embarking the whole of his forces, he ascended the Orinoco and the Meta, by a difficult and dangerous navigation. He thus penetrated into New Granada, and made himself master of Santa Fe, the Capital, in August, 1819. The blow was decisive. He was joined by numbers, and had the resources of an extensive country at his command. Morillo in vain endeavored to stop his progress.—The country under his authority was gradually wrested from him by successive defeats and defections, and towards the close of 1820, he concluded an armistice with Bolivar, in order to afford time to negotiate a treaty between the South Americans and the government of Spain. The Armistice still subsists, and it is probable that the independence of New Granada and Venezuela will eventually be acknowledged. Thus after a struggle of eleven years the valor and perseverance of Bolivar will be crowned with success, and he will indisputably have a claim to the title which was long ago given to him of "The Liberator of his country."

THE FATE OF AMBITION.

Col. Aaron Burr, who some years ago occupied so large a space in the public arena, is now a practising lawyer at the New-York bar. He sustains a very high reputation for talents and legal acquirements; and is in independent circumstances. A casual visitor to the city, who chooses to pass an hour or two in the vicinity of Tammany Hall, will generally notice a small, delicate, white haired man, moving about in meditative mood, alone and noticing no one—a man whose keen eye and expressive countenance, where age has in vain struggled to quench the fire of genius, and whose appearance, bespeaking the finished gentleman, will arrest all his attention—That man is Aaron Burr—who was one day Vice President of the United States; the next a fugitive from the blood of Hamilton; at another time mounted on the whirlwind of revolution, and meditating the dissolution of the Union and the building up of a southern monarchy; and then a prisoner, answering to the charge of high treason at the bar of his country. A man, who perhaps, considered with reference to the powers of mind alone, had no superior; has now no superior. But he left the path of honourable virtue, and he is, what you may see him—a solitary being in the midst of society; pointed out to the passing stranger as a mere object of curiosity.

PHRENOLOGICAL.

We must not be suspected, says the Albany Argus, of harboring the slightest disrespect for the august science of Phrenology, because we choose to copy the following *jeu d'esprit*. On the contrary, we are grateful that we live in an era when it no longer requires intimacy and long observance to know the world around us; and when even that difficult problem of the ancient sage, "Know Thyself," is mastered in the most summary and unlaborious manner!

A Phrenologist's Study. Casts, Boxes, and Skulls, arranged round the room. Dr. Brain, Mrs. Atkins, a Child.

Dr. Brain. Well, my good Mrs. Atkins, I see that you have brought your son to be examined.

Mrs. Atkins. Yes, sir, if you will have the goodness. Children are a great pleasure, but then they are a great care; and a widow, especially a lone woman, cannot help feeling anxious about setting them out in life. To be sure, I have only my twins, a girl and this boy—but still it is a great trouble. One does not know what is fittest for them, poor things!

Dr. B. Phrenology is precisely what will ease that trouble, Mrs. Atkins. Our discoveries tend particularly to that point, by observing and following the natural indications. My friend, Mr. Hewson, I think, sent you to me.

Mrs. A. Yes, sir, he told me that by looking at the boy's skull—take off your hat, William!—and feeling the bumps—

Dr B. Organs, my good madam! Call them organs!

Mrs. A. I beg your pardon, sir, I will.—Mr. Hewson said, that, by feeling his bump—organs, I mean, you would be able to tell me what to do with him. I should like to bring him up to the grocery line, like his father, and take him into the business, at a proper time; but the boy, it seems, has read a foolish book, called Robinson Crusoe, and is wild to go to sea. Why don't you take off your hat, William, and let the Doctor look at your organs? He won't hurt you, child. For all he's so bold and full of tricks, the boy's as shamefaced before company as his sister.—Hold yourself up, William.

Dr. B. How old is the young gentleman?

Mrs. A. Twelve, come next Michaelmas. He's [illegible] a shrimp of a thing, in spite of his great spirit, too pretty by half for a boy.—Fanny and he are so alike, that, if it were not for their clothes, we should never know them asunder. But I suppose, Doctor, that's only their faces? I take it their bumps—I beg pardon, organs—are quite different?

Dr. B. [illegible], my good Mrs. Atkins. Difference of sex is attended with difference of faculty. The perceptive organs, for instance, are usually more developed in women; the reflective, in men. This is quite [illegible]. Come, sir, let me feel. I shall do you no harm.

(The Doctor feels the child's head. Mrs. Atkins walks about the room, looking at the casts, and talking to herself.)

A large *[illegible]*—a prodigious *combativeness*—[illegible] strongly developed—*[illegible]* small. Really, Mrs. Atkins, this boy is the most striking instance of the truth of our science that I have ever met with in the thousands that I have examined. I never saw the propensities so strongly indicated. He must go to sea by all means—indeed, it would be of no use if you were to try to keep him at home. With such a *[illegible]*, and [illegible] so large, he would certainly run away.—Besides, it would be a thousand pities. Here are all the organs that make a great warrior—a superb [illegible], a finer *combativeness* than Lord Nelson's! I should like to have a cast of the boy.

Mrs. A. Ah, well-a-day!

Dr. B. *Acquisitiveness* strong too!

Mrs. A. Ay—ay—what's that?

Dr. B. Why, it means a desire to possess; which, in a boy, probably shows itself in a love of apples, and nuts, without being very scrupulous as to the means by which they are acquired.

Mrs. A. Oh, its a wonderful art! See, William, how the Doctor finds you out! Yes, he—I take shame to say it—but the boy stole all the apples off our nonpareil tree last year, and we can't keep a gooseberry in the garden for him. I can trust his sister any where, she's such a good little quiet thing, but William—

Dr. B. Never fear, Mrs. Atkins; its an excellent organ, under proper government, and will turn to a desire to capture Dutch spice ships, and Spanish argosies. You must send him to sea.

Mrs. A. Ah, well a-day! But, Doctor, how is it that you can tell all these things?

Dr. B. Why, look here my good madam! do you see that projection on the side of—just here, Mrs. Atkins—here my good lady. If I had another child, I could show you what I mean, in a moment.

Mrs. A. Run and fetch your sister, William.

Dr. B. Ay, then I can explain the difference. I'll venture to say there is not such a *combativeness*—why don't you go for your sister, my little man, as your mama bids you?

Mrs. A. Why do you stand there like a simpleton? Go for Fanny this moment.

Child. Pray, mama, don't be angry, I am Fanny.

Mrs. A. Oh, dear me! dear me! this is one of William's unlucky tricks! Get out of my sight, you good for nothing hussy. What will the Doctor say to be made such a fool of?

Dr. B. Make a fool of me, Mrs. Atkins! I should like to see the person that could do that. It is not all the tricks of men, women, and children, that can put down phrenology. But I give you warning, my good madam, that, whatever trouble you may have with your son, you will have more with your daughter. I was never mistaken in my life, and there are organs in that little noddle fit to belong to Joan of Arc. Good morning, Mrs. Atkins! She'll follow the drum, I tell you; or, very likely, go to sea herself. Good morning, ma'm. Make a fool of a Phrenologist, indeed!

AN IRISH SCHOOL'MASTER.

In the midst of his noisy mansion sat Phil. Sullivan, wielding his birch as if it had been a sceptre, while his little subjects were ranged around on benches formed of sods, that you may still see along the wall. The fire, when any was required, was made in the centre of the apartment, the fuel being furnished by each scholar bringing a turf daily with him. The door was formed of stakes, interplaced with wattles, a loop of which thrown over a crooked nail, served the purpose of a lock, and a rude table that the master sat at was all the desk in the school. As they came in at the door, the urchins were obliged to make their best bow, by drawing back the left leg, catching the tuft of hair that hung over the forehead, and bringing their stiff necks to the precise mathematical curve that constitutes politeness, whilst Phil. kept sometimes talking English, sometimes Irish, to suit himself to the comprehension of his pupils. Of the manner in which he accomplished this, the following is a specimen:—"Come up here, Pat Greehen," said he to a red-headed boy, dressed in a grey frieze coat, which came down to his heels, and a pair of old leather breeches, that only reaching half way down his thighs, exposing his red measly legs—'Come, stand up here on the table, and let the boys hear how well you can say your letters.' Pat mounted with great confidence; but when his phiz, by being raised into the light, became more distinctly seen. 'Ubbaboo, tearin, murder!' exclaimed Phil, 'where have you been wid that face? Why man alive, you've been kissing the praty pot, and your hair, too, stanning up for a price, like the bristles of a fighting pig. Is there no water in the stream? And it would have been no great trouble to draw your fingers through your hair, any how.' Pat very composedly lifted up the tail of his coat, and spitting upon it, gave his face a wipe that left it streaked like a brindled cow. 'There, now,' said Phil, 'blow your nose, and hold up your head like a gentleman.—What is this *aroon*,' said he, pointing to the first letter of the alphabet. Pat scratched his head. 'You don't know what it is; small blame to you, for your mother keeps you running after the cows, when you should be at your *larnin*; but look up at the couples of the house, and try if you can't remember it.' 'A,' said Pat. 'Well done, what's the name of the next one?' Pat hesitated again. 'What do you call the big fly that makes the honey?' 'B.' 'Och, you're a *genus*, Pat, ready made.' Having arrived at the letter H; —'And what's that, Pat?' 'Be my showl, I don't know.'—'Devil d—n your showl, what do you mane by swearing here in school? a pretty *College* this indeed! What is it that looks like Squire O'Reilly's gate with all the bars knocked out except the one in the middle?' 'Faith and its H.' 'To be sure it is ye spalpeen.' So on he went illustrating in this manner, until he came to the letter O; having tried Pat's *genius* with it two or three ways to no purpose, Phil. was getting out of patience—'what would you say if I was to hit you a *palthog* on the ear?' (suiting the action to the word.) 'O!' cried Pat, clapping his hand upon the afflicted spot which rung with the blow.—'I knew you'd find it,' said Phil. By the help of this adoption Pat struggled through the rest of the letters. 'Well, you may sit down now and send up Mick Moriarty.' Mick was rather further than Pat; he was spelling words. After spelling two or three tolerably well, he came to the word *what*. 'Well, what does w-h-a-t make?' Mick was not sure about it. 'W-h-a-t,' said Phil. 'sounds *fat*, but (conscious of his own error in the pronunciation) when I say *fat*, don't you say *fat*, but do you say *fat* your own way.' 'Have ye all said yer lessons?' 'Yes, all, all.' 'Then put out the fire dacently and go home.'—*Scenes and Sketches of a Soldier's Life in Ireland.*

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

From the World of Fashion.

Ball Dress.—The petticoat of gros de Naples of beautiful Adam-tartan; [illegible] white satin, with straps across the bust of tartan, formed into a kind of stomacher by a band of the same, reaching from the shoulder down the waist on each side of the straps. To the corsage are attached short white satin sleeves, over which are those that are long, en gigot, of tulle fastened at the wrists by a band of plaid, and a very broad enamelled bracelet next to it, clasped with a brooch formed of emeralds and light-coloured amethysts, representing the Scotch thistle. Over one shoulder, and fastened on the left side of the waist, is a scarf sash of fancy plaid, of light colours. A [illegible] with the brim [illegible], is of white crape, [illegible] with ornaments of Athol tartan, and a pink feather, edged round with white, gracefully waving over the left side. [illegible] of thistle green satin laced up the front with scarlet, discovering the white silk stocking, surmounted round the leg by a band of tartan silk, complete this tasteful costume.

Morning Dress.—A dress of fine Indian muslin, with two full flounces richly embroidered at the edges; between each flounce, and above the upper one is a row of beautiful [illegible] embroidery in a [illegible] pattern of novel foliage. The body made à la Circassienne, partially high, [illegible], with [illegible] manchettes, falling over, finished by an embroidery corresponding with that on the skirt; and the sleeves confined at the wrists with very broad bracelets of wrought gold, clasped with a brooch of [illegible]. A cap of Kensington blonde, with very large lappets, carelessly crossed over the [illegible]; the cap slightly ornamented with various kinds of flowers, and surmounted by a white satin ornament of leaves, forming a tulip. The hair arranged in full large curls.

Afternoon Dress.—Dress of pink gros de Naples, with two rows of double flounces, pointed and bound with narrow [illegible]; [illegible] of the same; body en gerbe, with a double [illegible] of blonde over the bust; short sleeves of pink gros de Naples, over which are long sleeves of white crape-lisse, [illegible]. Hat of pink crape, with [illegible] of the same colour, and a full plume of white marabout feathers, very broad blonde of a superb pattern at the edge of the brim, forming a [illegible], turned up in front; [illegible] down the strings as far as the chin, where they are confined by a bow of pink riband. In carriage airings, or in coming from a dinner party (to which this dress is truly appropriate), a cachemere scarf shawl thrown over it, with a rich border of broad plain leaves in various colours, terminated by a handsome fringe.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

The Rt. Hon. Jno. Sinclair in addressing English Farmers, on "the means of alleviating the distresses which are likely to result from the unfavourable season, gives the following advice:—When oats and barley are very short in the straw, they should be reaped with a short scythe, as stubble will be much wanted for cattle. The second crop of clover, if it contains much sap, should be placed in alternate layers with straw which will dry it, and at the same time the value of the straw is doubled. The mixture should always be salted. Weeds, dry leaves, fern, river sand, &c. may be added to manure. Winter turnips should be sowed broad cast for cattle. Linseed and oil cake are recommended, which may be procured from the Continent or America. The probability of a scarcity of hay is so great, that a large Scotch Farmer proposes to import it from Holland. Kelp, oil and fish, are recommended for manure, and the farmers are called upon by the writer, to take measures to prevent the evil consequences likely to result in many parts of the kingdom, from "the uncommon heat and dryness of the season; the scarcity of grass, the diminished quantity of hay, the failure in the crop of turnips, and the certain deficiency of straw."

We think the plan and style of this letter might be recommended as an useful model in this country. Timely hints to our Farmers, from men of intelligence, experience, and observation in agricultural subjects, or from Agricultural Societies, might be circulated every season with as much advantage here as in England.

Saturday Evening Post.

PRICE $2 PER ANNUM.

☞ SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADVERTISEMENTS, COMMUNICATIONS, AND ORDERS FOR PRINTING, Received at No. 112 Chesnut street, opposite the Post Office, and back of No. 53 Market street, three doors below Second, North side.

Mr. Strickland's Report to the Pennsylvania Society on the various subjects of Internal Improvements have been published in a beautiful volume by Carey & Lea.

Messrs. Carey & Lea have published a handsome edition, in octavo, of the "History of Chivalry, or Knighthood and its Times," by Charles Mills, author of the History of the Crusades.

We have received the *Museum of Foreign Literature* for August, and take this opportunity to say, that the work fully maintains the character which we ascribed to it at the commencement of the year. We have never met with any Magazine of this kind (consisting entirely of selections) which exceeded the merit that in our own opinion belongs to this. Indeed whoever wishes to secure to himself the excellencies of the English periodical works, without being incommoded with their trash, will do well to subscribe for this work. *New York Daily Advertiser.*

The Museum is published every month by E. LITTELL, Philadelphia, and G. & C. Carvill, New York—price Six Dollars a year, payable *always in advance*. A new series was begun in January, 1826. The old series contained seven volumes, which will be sold at *half price*, that is $1 50 per vol. in numbers; or if handsomely bound, at Two Dollars a volume.

MINERS' JOURNAL.

This paper published at Mount Carbon, at the head of the Schuylkill Navigation, and in the centre of the *Anthracite* region of Pennsylvania, has been before the public more than a year; and although it has given general satisfaction, has not received the patronage and support to which it is entitled. It is generally admitted, that the Miners' Journal is a valuable paper, that it is conducted with great ability, that it has done much good in the interior of the State, by making the invisible resources of Schuylkill and the adjoining counties better known, and by exciting among the inhabitants of the new settled country at the head of the Schuylkill a desire for improvement; and that it has rendered essential service in the promotion of practical and Internal improvement.

Those disposed to subscribe for this paper will have an opportunity to do so in a few days, when an individual will call on them for this purpose, and it is hoped the friends of science, and the public spirited promoters of the welfare of this Commonwealth, will not withhold their support from this useful publication. *A friend to every useful Enterprise.*

The canal commissioners of Pennsylvania met at their office in this city on Tuesday afternoon. The members present were Mr. Sergeant, president; Dr. Patterson, Dr. Darlington, General Lacock, Judge Scott, Thomas Enoch and Charles Mowry, Esqrs. General Montgomery and General Philips are not expected to attend. We understand that several interesting questions are to be decided at this meeting, and that the session will probably continue some days.

The Independent Company of Washington Blues, took passage in the steamboat, on Sunday noon, for Baltimore. In consequence of the ill health of Captain Baker, General Patterson, the former commander of the company, yielded to the solicitation of officers and men, expressed in an unanimous vote, and took command of the Blues, during the present expedition. They were received with great cordiality and distinguished marks of respect were paid them during their stay. The corps returned yesterday in fine health and spirits, and were escorted into the city by the first Regiment of Volunteers.

The two Canton ships, the Rush and Scattergood, in which there is an apparent ownership of Mr. E. Thomson, have safely arrived. They are in custody of the Marshal. They sailed from this port the same day, arrived at Canton the same day, sailed from thence again the same day, and have arrived here within a day of each other.

Several boarding house keepers in this city have, within a short time, suffered losses by receiving strangers into their houses, who after a very short residence have decamped, taking with them sundry valuables articles of furniture and dress, and leaving as security their trunks heavily laden with brick bats, and other valuables of a similar nature.

There has been a notice inserted in a Cayuga paper in relation to the death of Paul Allen, Esq. stating that he was editor of the Baltimore "*Saturday Evening Post.*" This is a mistake—there is but one paper printed by this title in the United States. The paper meant, we suppose, is the "Saturday Herald."

The Philadelphia Museum now contains an extensive and very complete collection of the dresses, arms, implements, pipes and instruments of music, etc. of the Sioux, Shienne, Aricaree, Mandan and Osage Nations of Indians. This collection consists of the male and female dresses of the above nations, ornamented in their peculiar manner with dyed porcupine quills, and contains all their Dresses of War, Ceremony, and the Dance.

Strangers, as well as our returning citizens, will be highly gratified by a visit to the Academy of Fine Arts. Most of the best pictures sent to the late exhibitions still remain, and, in the place of those that have been removed, others are substituted, generally of equal merit. Many new pictures are now put up, and the whole condition of the rooms is rich and brilliant in various departments of the arts.

On Saturday night a woman was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital, in consequence of her throat having been cut by her husband. They lived in Race street near Schuylkill Sixth street. The woman has since recovered and the man, whose name is Israel Richards, has been tried and sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

The brig Gov. Parris, arrived at the port of New York on Sunday last, from Grenada. Her late commander, Capt. James P. Perkins, of Saco, fell overboard on the night of the 26th ult. and was drowned. The boat was immediately got out, but it being very dark and squally, she filled, and rendered the exertions of the crew to save him of no effect. Capt. P. had a large Newfoundland dog, that jumped overboard to save his master, and was lost with him.

A story, taken from one of the English papers, is now going the rounds of ours, that the Count de Survilliers has made application to be permitted to reside in the Netherlands; and even that he is fitting up a superb house at Brussels. We believe there is not the least foundation for this very circumstantial tale.—He is certainly going on, at this time, with very expensive improvements at his present residence, and has just made a very large purchase of land in addition to it.

The New Jersey (Princeton) Patriot mentions that twenty pages of the London Theological Review for June 1826, are devoted to a laboured and most scurrilous diatribe upon the United States. Bishop Hobart's sermon, delivered soon after his return from Europe, forms the occasion of this bitter effusion.

On Friday afternoon week, about 5 o'clock, the grinding mill at the Eden Park Powder Works, near Wilmington, Del. belonging to Mr. J. P. Garesche, exploded—by which accident one man was badly, though not dangerously injured. There were seven horses at work in the mill, of which three were killed. The explosion was distinctly felt, and the smoke seen at Frenchtown, 20 miles distant.

Twenty-five thousand tons of merchandize have ascended and descended the Schuylkill Navigation, during the present season, from its commencement to the 18th of August, when the navigation was closed for the purpose of making it better. It is a fair calculation that, at the end of the season, the whole amount of articles transported on the canal, will, at least, be fifty thousand tons.

Bells for churches, screws for paper mills, various articles of cutlery and surgical instruments, beautiful carpets of floor cloths, are made and supplied at York, Pennsylvania. The supply of many valuable articles is every day rapidly approaching the amount of the demand, but as yet it is far short of it.

The operative smiths and grate makers of New-York have agreed to a series of resolutions in opposition to the *convict labour* of the penitentiary. It seems they are much injured by the cheapness of this kind of labour. They pledge themselves to repair no grates made by the convicts, and to support all their brethern who may be injured by them.

The Union Course races on Long-Island, commence on the third of October next:—

First day four mile heats, for	$500
Second day three mile heats, for	300
Third day two mile heats, for	200

The last Milledgeville Recorder, in speaking of Gov. Troup's intention to survey the ceded lands, on the 1st inst. says, "that the surveys ordered will extend only to the Chatahoochie—not embracing all the country ceded by either Treaty, but that portion only which is undoubtedly ceded by both, and is consequently in strict conformity to each."

The National Journal of Monday contains a circular letter recently addressed to the several Governors of states and territories, by the Secretary of the Treasury, with certain queries to be answered by those citizens who possess information on the subject of the cultivation of the silkworm. The subject is an important one, and from recent experiments made in this city, and other states, we have no doubt that much practical information will be elicited in answer to these queries.

A letter from Montreal states that the notorious Morrel M'Goon, was tried in the Court of King's Bench, on Tuesday last, for forgery on Prime, Ward, King & Co. of New-York, and found guilty. He will no doubt be sentenced to death. It is but three years since, that this fellow was found guilty of the same offence, and subsequently pardoned on condition of his leaving the country.

A gentleman who has lately been travelling through the western part of the state of New-York, states that the drought there is great beyond parallel, and there is much suffering in consequence. He also states that apples are more abundant in that section of the country than they have been for many years past. They are rotting on the ground, because the owners cannot make use of them.

The frigate Potomac, which was hauled up in May, 1822, upon an inclined plane, was last week launched at Washington. The plane upon which the ship was raised, had been constructed for an experiment, and as the whole of the operation in elevating and launching the vessel was without accident or delay, it is therefore completely successful.

A whole family have been buried under a land avalanche, or slide from the White Mountains of New-Hampshire. It was the family of Mr. Wiley, whose house was near the Notch, consisting of himself, his wife, five children and two hired men, all of whom were suddenly swept from time to eternity by this lamentable disaster. Three of those unfortunate persons have since been dug out from under the earth and rocks, which were carried along them.

The Baltimore Monument exhibits the appearance of a magnificent column. It is 20 feet diameter at the base and elevated on another base 50 feet square. Its proportions are purely Greek, and is to be surmounted with a statue of Washington. The whole height is 150 feet. The column is ready to receive the statue. The Legislature of Maryland has appropriated $10,000 a year until the whole is finished.

According to the last Canada papers, the cultivators of one of the great staples of our states are about to encounter competition from a new quarter. The arrival of a steamboat at York, U. C. is mentioned in a paper of that town, the cargo of which consisted in part of *sixty hogsheads of tobacco*, intended for the Montreal market, the produce of the western part of the upper province. The attention of the farmers there, it is said, has been turned to the cultivation of this article, and a large quantity will be offered in the market this year, which is expected to be much increased during the next.

It is stated, that in the commercial treaty arranging between England and Hayti, a stipulation has been acceded to, that "all Negroes who run away from the British colonies are to be restored on application being made to the President for them, and repaying any expenses that may have been incurred by their detention or otherwise."

The City of Mobile, in the State of Alabama, is almost the only one which appears to have suffered much from disease during this summer, so far. For the population, a great number of persons have died there within the last three months. A lady, who writes to her friend in New-York on the subject, gives us, with a dash of the pen, a powerful impression of the sensation produced on the survivors by this mortality. "We feel," says she, "as if we were in a field of battle, and know not where the next ball may strike."

A letter has been received from Mexico, which states that the English mines in that country under the direction of the "Chief Commissioner," the Chevalier Rivatanoli, have yielded a nett profit of thirty per cent, for three months. The mines under the superintendance of this gentleman were among the first put in a state of progressive operation since their destruction by the revolutionists, and although not now completed, are so far so, as to yield the profit mentioned above.

Harvard college is the oldest, and may with propriety be styled the parent literary institution of our country. It was founded in 1638, and was endowed with a legacy, by the Rev. John Harvard of Charlestown, of 1779 17s. 2d. sterling being one half of his estate. In acknowledgement of his munificence it bears his name. Degrees were first conferred in 1642; and in 1650 it was chartered. The professorships of divinity, and of mathematics and natural philosophy were founded in 1762 by Mr. Thomas Hollis of London. The professorship of Hebrew was established by Thomas Hancock, esq. 1765. Other professorships have since been established and generously endowed by individuals. From the founding of the college to the year 1794, 3399 young persons received its honors, of whom 1079 became ministers of the gospel.

Lieutenant Sherburne of the United States navy, is now actively engaged in surveying the harbor of Baltimore in order to ascertain its suitability for a navy yard, agreeably to the appropriation of congress for that object. It was apprehended, says the American, that the frigate built ship Baltimore, commanded by Captain Buchanan, would find some difficulty in getting out of the harbor, as she draws nearly twenty feet water; but she was on Saturday morning towed down by steamboats, in fine style, to her moorings, two miles below the fort, where she has made good anchorage in not less than 24 feet water at low tide.

AUCTION SALES.

The Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, in England, has recently decided that, in a sale of property at vendue, the seller could not legally employ a person to bid *for him*, unless it were made known in the conditions of sale. The fact not being stated in the conditions of sale, such a measure would be a gross fraud. This is a decision of no small importance; and is worthy of being known here, as well as in Great Britain. It is believed such sales are frequently made; and the principle which would govern the English courts, would very probably be adopted by ours, if the question were brought before them.

The Peruvian Congress commenced its session on the 29th March last.

Mr. Canas, late Minister to this country, has been appointed Secretary of the Treasury of Central America. He is a man of first rate fiscal talents, and will, doubtless, add much to the respectability of that Government.

General Bolivar, it is expected, will have reached, before this time, the disaffected quarter of the State of Colombia; and there is reason to believe that the object of his return, the restoration of order, and of submission to the Constitution and laws of the Republic, will have been immediately accomplished, by his presence.

The American Congress of Deputies, which assembled some time ago at Panama, has adjourned, to meet at a village, in the neighborhood of the City of Mexico, and holds its sessions there.

It appears that this adjournment was not without good reason. Of the few persons assembled, Mr. Dawkins, the British Commissioner to Panama, had lost, by death, both his Secretaries. That shore is more fatal to the lives of visiters than even the coast of Africa is to the whites. The Commissioner of the King of the Netherlands had gone to Vera Cruz, to be nearer the place of re-union. But, if he stays long there, the fate of the two British Secretaries will almost certainly overtake him—the climate of Vera Cruz being as fatal to strangers as that of Panama. The lamented Mr. Anderson fell a martyr to the climate.

The Annual Report of the Commissioners of the Morris Canal is just published in the New Jersey papers, and furnishes an interesting and satisfactory account of the progress of this work. In allusion to an impression which had been entertained in relation to a scarcity of water for the purposes of the canal, the report asserts that four times the requisite quantity can be obtained from Lake Hopatkung alone. It appears that the only serious difficulty ever contemplated in the execution of the Canal was the *elevation* it was to surmount. That, however, is now dwindled to a point. The mountain has become a mole-hill. The experiment of the inclined plane at Rockway terminates every doubt which could have been entertained respecting its utility as a substitute for Locks in a hilly country. The advantages of inclined planes as a substitute for Locks, both as respects economy in the construction and facility with which the elevation is overcome, are thus stated in the Report:—

"An inclined plane, costing about $6300, will, with certainty and safety, lift a boat and cargo up a height of 50 feet in 12 minutes, while the same operation by lockage would cost $22,500 and occupy 45 minutes. Persons who doubt the strength of chain and materials, may satisfy themselves by viewing the Dry Dock, where vessels of 300 tons are carried up a plane less solid than ours, which can never be subjected to a strain above 50 tons. The value of the improvement may be estimated by considering that out of 1730 feet of rise and fall, about 1470 will be upon inclined planes, probably costing $184,000 and requiring six hours to pass, whereas, a lockage of the same height would cost $662,000, and occupy nearly 22 hours, besides an annual expense for extra lock keepers."

The Commissioners calculate that, from the trade and resources of New Jersey alone, without reference to the transportation of coal from the mines of Pennsylvania, the stockholders are certain to derive a profit of nine and a half per cent per annum upon the capital invested.

LATE EUROPEAN ADVICES.

We are enabled, through the politeness of Mr. T. Snowden, of the N. Y. National Advocate, again to acknowledge the receipt of a file of English and French papers.

The Liverpool Albion of the 31st July, states, that the weather had been intensely hot within the four preceding days, and had been very little mitigated by a shower, on the evening of the 30th; indeed that it was almost intolerable.

The long continuance of dry weather in the Northern parts of the Continent also, had rendered the forests so likely to take fire, that serious apprehensions were entertained for the effects of conflagration in the vicinities of towns and cities.

It was rumoured in Liverpool that Parliament would be assembled this year earlier than usual.—The regulation of several branches of trade, it was said, required it.

Mr. Gallatin, our minister to England, arrived at Liverpool, in the Florida, on the 31st July.

Accounts of the deaths of Jefferson and Adams reached Liverpool by the Leeds, Capt. Stoddard, the 30th July. The papers remark that singular coincidence.

The crops in England will not be very abundant.

Mr. Allen, the American, late in the service of the Greeks, has arrived in London.

On the 21st July, a brig from Rio de la Plata for London, foundered in an instant, near the Isle of Wight, with 37 passengers asleep. Of the whole number of persons on board, only two were saved.

A young lady, near York, England, while running down stairs with a pair of scissors in her hand, unfortunately fell, and the points of the scissors entered her heart and killed her.

By a law of the late Alexander, slaves are forbidden to be sold. To evade the law, a person advertises to lend for assistance, his

bank, for fifty years, for such a sum. Such advertisements are very numerous in the Russian journals.

A powder mill on Hownslow Heath, blew up with a tremendous explosion, on Tuesday morning, 23th July—the report and the column of smoke from which, were heard and seen at a distance of 15 miles. Two men, the only persons at work in the mill at the time, were killed; one a widower, with five children, the other with a wife and three children.

Miendzyzherz, a town in the Polish government of Podlachia, was almost entirely destroyed by fire in the beginning of last month. The town hall, the theatre, several cloth manufactories, and nearly all the houses were consumed, and forty persons unfortunately perished.

M. Roger, a member of the corporation of brokers in Paris, lately absconded with 1,600,000 francs, and the board, anxious to preserve its high character and credit, has resolved to pay all his engagements.

The Emperor of Russia has bestowed the cross of St. Ann, of the first rank, on Mr. Minziachi, as a reward for the zeal with which he discharged his mission to Constantinople, the result of which has been the re-establishment of the relations between Turkey and the Empire "on a basis agreeable to equity and the dignity of the Empire."

Two lovely young women, Lydia Cole, eighteen years of age, and Elmira Taylor, twenty-one, were drowned in the canal pond at Shepherd's Factory, in Northampton (Mass.) on Saturday, the 1st. instant. Lydia slipped into the water, while stooping, and was carried into the current of the dam. Elmira plunged in to rescue her, and both found a watery grave. So strong was the current, that more than an hour elapsed before the bodies were recovered.

A late English paper states that the process of washing by steam, which by the Company now proceeds with great regularity, has given rise to a discovery which promises an equal if not a greater benefit to the public. The Patent Steam Washing Company can, by the aid of their works, and by a peculiar process, bleach linen of a strong thick twilled substance in twelve hours, which operation, according to the old plan, used to take up several months.

The late archbishop of Bordeaux was remarkable for his tolerance and enlightened benevolence. The following anecdote will not be read without interest: (Mr. Iord, said a person to him one day,) there's a poor woman come to ask charity; what do you wish me to do for her? How old is she? Seventy. Is she in great distress? She says so. She must be relieved; give her 25 francs. Twenty-five francs! that is too much, especially as she is a Jewess. A Jewess! Yes, my lord.—Oh, that makes a great difference; give her 50 francs then, and thank her for coming."

A farmer of Thoorout in Flanders, was following a swarm of bees in the heat of the day at length seeing the bees hanging on a branch of an oak, he addressed the hive to them, but unfortunately the queen of the swarm not being there, only a moment the whole of the bees followed their sovereign, and the unfortunate man was overwhelmed by this cruel species of attack. In a quarter of an hour he was dead. A person who was with him, to assist him in the operation, ran away from him.

In the third week of July, in France, three bodies—a man, woman and young girl—were found dressed in the Italian manner, and it was discovered by the coroner's inquest of parents and child of a respectable rank in life, who had committed suicide together, by throwing themselves into the river. A memorandum was found on the bank, in the hand writing of the girl, which left no doubt that she was previously acquainted with the horrid design of her parents.

The Drama.

The interior of the New Theatre has undergone some important alterations since it was closed for the season. The principal are those connected with the orchestra, and the plan throwing the whole of the lower circle of the house into boxes. The Pit is so much enlarged by the reduction and change of position in the orchestra, that it will contain so many people as it did last season, including those which, in very bad taste, had been thrown into it.

The arrangements must soon be made, inducing a belief that so soon as *the Opera* shall close at New-York, which will be on the 30th inst. the whole Troupe, under the direction of *Signor Garcia*, will come to Philadelphia, immediately upon the New-Theatre, and before the commencement of the regular Theatre, play some of the most favorite *Operas*.

The Philadelphia Gazette says of all the horses, besides the scenery, dresses, and decorations belonging to the stage, we understand, are to be disposed of at no distant period, at public sale.

It is contemplated to open the Baltimore theatre on the 6th of next month. Mr. Forrest continues an engagement there about that time.

We learn that the Theatre at Washington is well supported. It seems that the exertion has proved a losing concern.

Mr. Cooper made his appearance the 4th ult. at the Park Theatre, New-York, in the character of Virginius. Young Wallack, Jr. has enrolled, also, at the Park theatre, N. York for evening.

Mr. Kean has left the New-York theatre in the Pantry—it is opened in about a month. It will be a delightful looking. Fanny Boston, Maywood, and Miss Kelly will appear there in the course of the season.

The Boston Courier says: "Miss Povey, one of the most promising singers on the British stage, is engaged at the Park Theatre, and we will arrive, we understand, in a month or two."

Miss Kelly is playing at Montreal with much success, though not very well supported by other singers.

A London paper remarks, that from the necessary imbecilities in the several departments of Drury Lane Theatre, the new Manager has already acquired the appellation of Mr. Ass.

Miss Foote is engaged at the Liverpool theatre for a fortnight.

Miss Goodall has taken a benefit in London previous to her departure for the Continent, where she intends to remain two years.

A new farce was lately brought out at the Haymarket theatre, called Thirteen to the Dozen, said to contain lots of fun.

The tragedy of Virginius was performed at Amsterdam, on the 6th of July, by an English company, under the direction of Mr. Joseph B. Smithson, brother to Miss Smithson, of Drury Lane Theatre, for the benefit of the Greeks, at which the first persons of that town were present.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To ——, on tenning a pair of gloves.

When sleep on those eyelids had prest'd its soft seal,
To tarnishing sunsprow'd draw back,
That mornlight, those lashes to raise & me to steal,
The kiss that I'd perish to buy.

Then Sprite the offence, nor condemn it as bold,
What a sinner I shall prove to prove,
For thou was the mother that had me withheld,
To whom mingled to possess.

If I ever—for a sinner successful implore,
For but to obtain forgiven,
But never did crime lead a sinner more
Than the thought the tenderness of Heaven.

Column, Aug. 15th, 1826. DOLO ..

Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1826.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"CORNELIA"—(we make it a point, at all times, to present our respect to the ladies first,) we must meet attention in our next.

"A tale of Truth," a prose article—and several poems entitled "Fancy"—"Fame"—"Prayer for Greece"—"The Mother"—"What is Love?"—"Colon bia's curse"—"Death of Jefferson"—and a private note, proceed up from the prolific pen of the "Mutford Bard" has been received through the medium of the Post Office. We are much indebted to this friend and for numerous valuable contributions; the liberality with which he has constantly patronized our columns deserves a suitable return; we shall henceforth take proper measures for reciprocating his kind attentions.

We really do not possess a knowledge of suitable terms in which to convey our feelings to our friend "A Mountaineer," who writes to us "all the way from Pleasant Valley high up in Georgia." It certainly would be overstepping the bounds of modesty, to publish all the flattering things he says—especially as they refer to ourselves—we have no other motive for omitting his very pleasing article.

"Momus" shall be heard anon—it is questioned whether particular parts of his dream did not occur in broad day light "with eyeballs glaring wide"—this is the case with some dreamers, and they leave room for the suspicion, they indite so methodically.—Sleeping or awake, he seems, however, to possess a portion of the flexibility of human nature—and being a Bachelor, while we encourage him in his airy visions, we recommend the poet's text for his next dream:

"If a mortal would point out that life,
That on earth would be nearest to heaven,
Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife,
To whom truth and honour are given!"

An interview with L. D. whose article we insert to-day, is requested.

"The Miseries of Human Life," E. G. S. —"The Remembrance," Nerono—"The Mariner's Prayer," C. D.—&c. are placed on our files this week.

There will be no necessity for an apology, we presume, we are certain our readers will require none, for laying before them the following note, and one of the accompanying pieces of poetry, "Love and Friendship"—especially as they are the proper judges whether a more intimate knowledge with the writer's name will afford them sufficient interest to be continued in the publication, which it promises to adopt—for ourselves, more mature reflection has determined us to qualify several hasty remarks that we might have ventured on the subject by the opinion that those who are selected as umpires in an affair so nice.

Philadelphia, Sept. 5, 1826.

Dear Mr. Editors—I take this opportunity to send you a couple of pieces of poetry, of my own composing. I must inform you that I have written a book full of poetry, which my friends says is a surprising and an astonishing production, and they say that I have a particular turn for writing poetry, and as I write to encourage your ch gant paper, which I think is far superior to any published in this country, I have sent the pieces to you—and I intend to send some of my best pieces regularly to you, such as will make the heart thrill "with anxious hopes and fears, and draw from beauty's eyes their tears." This is no studied thought, but a right off hand one.—Perhaps you have frequently heard of me in your office by my acquaintances, as my poetry is pretty generally known in this city, as well as elsewere, and I pride myself in thinking, that the harshest critic can find no line that does not contain the true spirit of poetry.—In my next I intend to send you an essay on the art of writing poetry—" Sccundum artum" —in which I shall make copious extracts from the best ancient and modern authors. I would give my real name but I do not wish to be brought before the public previous to my publishing my complete works. Dear Messrs. Editors, I remain, with respect, your servant to command.—*Amanda.*

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Love is a feeling fleeting,
Sometimes cold, sometimes heating;
It often makes us sigh,
And often makes us cry.

But thou, oh Friendship! hath the power
To turn to joy our darkest hour,
To ease the heart of anxious fears,
To my misfortune's burning tears.

Then take Love from this breast of mine,
And Friendship lead the power divine,
To ease of care this l.boning heart,
And peace to it once more impart.

Amanda.

We shall wait for the decision.

In the state of Ohio, a law was passed by the last legislature, authorising a tax of one half of a mill on the dollar, to be levied upon the taxable property of each individual, to be collected in the usual manner, and deposited in the hands of the county treasurer, as a general school fund. Each town in the state is to be divided into school districts of a suitable size, and teachers of proper character and qualifications are to be employed by school committees, to be paid from the amount of the town tax; and if this should be insufficient, the balance may be drawn from the state or general fund. This appears to us a supposed nearer to the excellent public school system of the New England states, and especially of Massachusetts, than that of any other state south and west of New York—We are happy to notice the existence of such a law in Ohio; it is in accordance with the spirit of internal improvement which is manifested in many of the recent acts of the state Legislature of our Western sister. Opposite to the provisions of this law is, we regret to add, evident and strong in the Southern part of the state. This is to be the more wondered at, as the state of education, general and most practicable, was certainly low in Ohio; while ever the fathers had learned, however high may have been their attainments, they have not adopted measures to perpetuate the extension of useful knowledge. Good seminaries were indeed furnished in the large towns, and there were men rich enough to employ well educated teachers, and these are the persons who usually possess the means of making their opinions known abroad, and the ideas of a small, but rich minority, are too often mistaken for the will of the whole.

The opposition made to the school law in Ohio is supported by the same arguments usually advanced in other states when similar measures have been proposed, and objected to. They are that such a tax is oppressive and unjust, inasmuch as it compels the rich man, or the person of property, to support in some measure the children of his poorer neighbour, giving the same advantages to the offspring of the idle and dissolute as to the industrious and economical—and compelling the bachelor and the childless husband to contribute to the bringing up of those for whom he has not such affection nor interest—such an idea, abstractly considered, might be considered worth much in an argument—but those who are fond of using it, should remember that the relations into which we are born, as members of the great political family require some sacrifices of certain natural rights, in order to secure others of greater importance—nothing is more simple and more generally admitted in practice, than such an axiom—why then start from a school tax? The rich man pays from his abundance a large tax towards the common on of roads, turnpikes, and all other means of public conveyance; countyhall lings are decreed at the expense of his purse; government is supported by his contributions, while the poor man of his ignorant off-spring enjoy the full benefit of good roads, handsome buildings, and an equitable government. The rich man pays his large tax towards the erection of p or houses and the support of in mates—while the poor man resorts to the provision of public alms without a thought of obligation to the rich provider. Surely, in a Republican government, every child is a component part of the great public treasure—the wealth of individuals is their own, to be demanded if part as public exigencies may require; but individuals themselves appertain to the public—and that commonwealth is guilty of the grossest negligence that neglects to prepare measures for the perpetuation of itself—that man must be grossly ignorant of the true principles of political economy, who does not see that a tax for the education of all, is consistent with the rights of the whole, as a tax for ruling all—*for conveying* all, and quite as expedient. This is a subject upon which much can be said, because it is of vital importance to the existence of our present institutions, and though we have referred to the situation of things in Ohio, our remarks, like the calculations of the Almanack makers, will apply to any of the adjoining states.

MR. PARKINSON.

It is not enough to *live*—but, as Othello says, we must "enjoy the *sweets* of life," to drag out an existence just *supported* with the *necessaries* and not *nourished* with the *comforts* of living, is worse than that *negative* vegetable existence, which the mind shrinks from contemplating. It is the life of the poor beast who seeks a remuneration for his day's toil in the bramble bush, or the thistle's more piquant provocation.

Catching a glimpse of those rays which emanate from the establishment of Mr. Parkinson, in Chesnut street, opposite the Masonic Hall, we were, a few evenings since, led to pursue our ideas on the comparative comforts of existence—and if we were carried further than a mere *contemplation*, let it be imputed rather to the strength of the temptation than the weakness of resolution or unrestrained appetite—but why should *resolution* be strong against legitimate pleasures—or why should not the appetite be gratified with a little of the good, rather than *much* of the evils of provisions.

The goodly display on the shelves of Mr Parkinson, of all that can excite without intoxicating, or gratify without cloying, would teach an anchorite to ask absolution from his vow of abstinence. *Ha-has* of every description, from solid cakes to light flummeries—from the domestic grape to the costly pine-apple, together with liquid treasures that latibrate the throat and provoke the appetite to new essays. The neatness, the elegance of Mr. Parkinson's arrangements, are worthy especial commendation, and cannot fail of inviting attention, while the rich luxuries of his stores, displayed with tempting variety, would "create an appetite under the ribs of death."

The Hush School—We understand that in consequence of the great number of applications for admission to this institution, beyond what can be received with the present arrangements, it is intended to open a new department as soon as the necessary accommodations can be prepared.

The acting American Theatre, No. 6, which is just published, contains an excellent engraved likeness of Mr. F. Wemyss, in the character of Rolando, in the comedy of the Honey Moon. Mr. Longacre, in executing this plate, has exhibited uncommon talent, and gives a happy illustration of the rapid progress of American Art.

EPITOME OF NEWS

The Callowhill street Market will shortly be much enlarged. It is very large and handsome.

The elegant steam Boat, called the Albany, a boat launched this day about 2 o'clock, P. M. from the ship yard of Samuel Grice, Esq. Kensington. The boat is intended to run between New York and Albany.

The 7th Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, will take place in Lancaster on Tuesday and Friday the 12th and 13th of October next, at the Rock Inn, 7 miles from the City, on the Lancaster Turnpike.

The Rev. Joseph Hemphill, the representative from this city, has resigned his seat in congress. The feeble state of his health has induced him to withdraw from public life for the present.

A boy fell from the second story window of a house in North street on Tuesday afternoon, and had a leg and arm broken. He was flying kite from the window.

Frances Scott, of Philadelphia, age 14½ years, was taken on board of the sloop Farmers' Industry, lying at James slip, New-York, fell from her mast head, a fee la stage, and struck with his head on the main hatch and was instantly killed.

On Friday evening week, a stable in the vicinity of sixteen and seven a Mo street, was with its contents destroyed by fire. Four valuable horses perished in the flames, and a fifth was so rescued until he had received material injury.

A fine, fat, frisky Alligator, is now running at large in Bartram's Botanic Garden, near Gray's Ferry, on the Schuylkill. He is tied by a long rope to a stake, and displays a beautiful set of teeth.

At the Children's Asylum, in Southwark, lower end of Fifth street, a hundred children of the poor have been taught according to the plans used in infant schools, in England, and their proficiency is very striking.

The numbers drawn in the Delaware State Lottery, were—

1 30 7 23

It is stated that there is considerable sickness along the canal from Reading to Norristown. It is attributed in a great measure to the water having been drawn from the canal at this season of the year.

The Savannah Georgian of the 31st ult. says, the prospect is great of extensive Rice crops in Georgia, and will exceed considerably those of last year.

Captain R. H. Crocker, of the ship Pacific, of New York, has completed one hundred and thirty-four passages across the Atlantic; and has never met with any serious disaster or accident at sea.

A coffin has been made in New-York, which will effectually prevent the resurrectionists from violating the sanctuary of the grave. It is constructed upon the model of one for which a patent has been obtained in England.

The family of the late Lavoisier Notin, of Lyonnaise, have been arrested on suspicion of having some knowledge of the cause which led to his death.

The Bank of Augusta has given notice that all change bills of that institution, which are suspiciously patched, or pieces thereof, will be crossed on presentation, as there are persons who take pieces from bills to form an additional one.

It is said that a plaster of gum gulbanum, applied to the chest will cure the whooping cough.

The Postage on letters between New-York and Buffalo has been reduced from 25 to 18½ cents, the distance by the nearest mail route being less than 400 miles.

A leopard was landed at New York on Saturday last, from the brig Leopard, from Rio Janeiro, sent by the officers of the Cyane.

The Worcester Spy contains a list of twenty-four marriages in the town of Brimfield, Mass celebrated within the last twelve months. One of the gentlemen married is described as "senior member of the Old Bachelor's Society." *Good!*

The steamboat Niagara, has made a voyage or trip from Black Rock to Detroit and back in 4 days and 13 hours, including her stay at the latter place, 21 hours.

Mr. Dorrance, of New Jersey, is boring for water at Albany to supply a brewery. The workmen have penetrated to the depth of *five hundred and thirty feet*, most of the way through a slate rock.

The establishment of the "Western Press," published in Mercer, in this state, is offered for sale. Its advertising patronage appears to be very good, and its subscription list is said to be respectable.

A satirical work entitled "Horsice in New York," is about to be published in that city, and, it is said, comes from the pen of one of the most distinguished literary characters of the place.

The bill for establishing an uniform system of Bankrupt laws, as reported to the last session of Congress, has been published in a pamphlet form in Boston.

The ship of the line now building at Portsmouth will be called the Alabama, and the frigate the Sauter.

The grand jury of Guilford county, North Carolina, lately presented a juror for being intoxicated in the jury box, and the court fined him fifty dollars; the fine is to be reduced to one dollar, if the juror will prove to the court that he has kept sober since the last term.

According to Mr. Hardy, there are about six thousand Jews in the United States. Common calculations represent them at about three thousand.

The state election in Vermont took place on Tuesday of last week. The candidates for governor and lieutenant governor were very numerous. The Salem Gazette says, it is most probable that no choice was made of either of those officers.

At Petersburg, Virginia, a man is to be tried for imposing upon the editor of the Petersburg Intelligencer, in account of a marriage which never took place.

A greater quantity of rain fell during the last month at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, than had been ever noticed to have fallen in the same length of time by any of the oldest inhabitants. It rained or rained days a month of intermission.

The Quebec Gazette, in noticing the recent heavy rains in the eastward, remarks, that in Quebec there has not presently fallen four or five inches of rain since the middle of May. The drought and warmth of the summer in Lower Canada is said to be without known precedent.

A letter from Baton Rouge, Aug. 9, says:—"A Pendleton was, not long ago, killed by a stab from a dirk, inflicted by Mr. J. P. Potts. They had a rencontre, and Pendleton snapped a pistol at Potts, about the time the fatal stab was given.

On sunday, August 11, on Crooked creek, Nicholas county, (Ken.) a Mr. Richey was stabbed in the right side by Thomas Smith, of which wound he expired on Tuesday evening, and Smith made his escape.

A Fayetteville (Tenn.) paper of Aug. 9 says—On Tuesday week, Duncan Bonds, without any known provocation, and without the least previous intimation, deliberately stabbed Mr. Felix Grick, a citizen of this county, in such a manner as to cause his death on the Sunday following.

Gen. La Fayette, entered upon his seventieth year on the 6th inst.

It is stated in the Boston Centinel, on the information of a gentleman acquainted with General Bolivar, that his age is about 42, and that he has never been married.

Late New Orleans papers state that the health of the city was never better, in the most favoured years. Not a single case of yellow fever had been heard of, although the weather had been remarkably warm.

The donations received by the treasurer of the American Bible Society, during the months of July and August, amounted to $7,478.—in the same period 11,281 bibles and testaments were issued, in value $9,136.

On May 28th, 1745, the first stone of the Pennsylvania hospital was laid by Mr. Jordan Evans, President, assisted by the rest of the managers, and the Physicians of the hospital.

A Mr. Charles J. Holmes of Jasper (Ga.) has posted a Col. Jordan "as a notorious liberate liar," and publishes a whole column of choice words in proof.

George W. Harris, a freeman, has been appointed the Revenue Ledger, by a unanimous vote, "for the same term depending on his future same conduct."—Does this vote leave his several conduct untouched?

At the court held in Barnstable County, Massachusetts, last week, an elderly man who has frequently seen fifteen thousand dollars, was convicted of stealing a blanket.

Noah Edwards, Esq. of notorious memory, is elected Governor of the state of Illinois.

The Kentucky Public Advertiser says, the work on the Louisville and Portland Canal is progressing rapidly. The force has been greatly augmented, being now equal to about 1,000 hands.

In Savannah there is a "Benevolent Theatrical Society," which performs plays at the theatre, for charitable purposes.

The New Orleans Mercantile Advertiser says, that a letter was received there, from Fort Adams, stating that the country in that neighbourhood is very sickly. The prevailing disease was called the "Cold Plague," and carried people off after an illness of 18 hours.

CIRCUS.

In addition to the usual feats of Horsemanship, Slack Rope, and Black Wire performances, by Messrs. Blyth, Barker, Blakely, Spencer, &c. Clown Mr. Buckley; Monsieur and Madame Bower will go through their wonderful feats of skill and dexterity. The whole to conclude with the laughable farce of TURN OUT. Gregory, the Cossack.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS SINCE OUR LAST.

Schr. Nancy, Griffing, Malaga, 40 days via N. Y. 5 days, ballast.

Ship Delle, West, Liverpool, 34 days, ashes.

Schr. Little Gem, Eyre, Great Harbour, 11 days, coffee.

Brig Marseilles, Gilder, Gibraltar, 60 days, wine and lead.

Schr. Argo, Bennington, Havana, 11 days, sugar & coffee.

Hora ss, Doughty, Port au Prince, 16 days, coffee, &c.

Brig Hippomenes, Morrell, St. Jago de Cuba, 11 days, coffee, &c.

Schr. Washington, Steele, St. Kitts, 11 days, molasses.

Brig David Moffitt, Rowland, Liverpool, 30 days, ballast.

Ship Brig, Rush, Dublin, Canada, 14 days, lime, &c.

Brig Delaware, Wescott, Lisle [illegible], 40 days, ballast.

Brig Delaware, Shasta, Rio Janeiro, 60 days, ballast, coffee, &c.

Ship Thomas Scattergood, Odell, Canton, 144 days, teas, &c.

CLEARANCES.

Ship Cambria, Robinson, Richmond and London.

Brig Hope, Hervey, Kauel, West Indies.

Schr. Hyder Ali, Gray, West Indies.

Brig Powerstown, Abbott, Havana.

Sch. Dorothea, Wescott, Cuba.

Ship Manchester, Peter, N. York.

Brig Ethel, Milton, Boston.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, the 19th inst. by the Rev. James Abercrombie, JOHN G. JACKSON, Esq. Merchant, to Mrs. CAROLINE MATILDA STORKEY, daughter of the late Frederick Resswig.

On Tuesday morning, the 12th inst. by the Rev. William L. Smalley, EDMUND W. KNORR, to RUTH PHILLIPS, daughter of Mr. Alexander M'Cauley, all of this city.

On the 28th of August, by the Rev. Mr. Hawthorn, Mr. JOHN POWERS, Esq. to Miss MARIANNE DUBOIS, all of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 9th inst. by the Rev. James Bradley, Mr. CHARLES EARNHART, to Miss MARY TOWNSEND, all of the Northern Liberties.

On Thursday evening, the 14th inst. by the Rev. James Boyle, Mr. JACOB WISPART, to Miss MARGARET WELSH, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Skinner, WILLIAM O. KLINE, Esq. to Miss CAROLINE CHAMBERLAIN, daughter of the late Maj. Benjamin Chamberlain.

On the 6th ult. at New York, by the Rev. Dr. Bedlow, Mr. DANIEL BLEAKLY, to Miss SARAH ANN BLEAKLY, daughter of the late Mr. William Bleakly, of this city.

DIED,

On Friday morning, in the 72d year of her age, Mrs. JANE WRIGHT. Her friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend her funeral from the late residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Frost and Arch streets, this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

On Monday, the 14th inst. in the 80th year of his age, Mr. ANDREW MILLER.

On Monday morning, the 11th inst. MARGARET, daughter of John Workman, aged 18.

On the 11th inst. at Pottsville, Mrs. Mary Ann Gloyer, wife of Mr. Jacob Gloyer, and daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Atkinson.

On Monday evening, after a long and severe illness, Mrs. FELICIA NANCY HEATH.

On Sunday morning, in the 87th year of his age, JOHN HALL, Esq. formerly Marshal of the District of Pennsylvania.

On Saturday morning last, HULDAH SLEEPER, daughter of Nc amiah Sleeper.

On the 13th inst. JACOB, son of Mr. Jacob Hunsicker, aged about 7 years. He fell from the wharf at Mr. Naglee, Northern Liberties, and was drowned.

On Tuesday night, after a short but severe illness, WILLIAM, son of Myrna M'Gowan, in the 18th year of his age.

On the 5th inst. at Mansfield, N. J. aged 16 years, Miss CAROLINE, daughter of Joseph Hall and Peg. Mary Ann Caroline Hall. Oh! does the prospect of future happiness shed a brilliant halo around the visionary things of life, when contrasted with the dark and gloomy shade the sad reverse which not unfrequently overtakes our steps and hurries, from the confines of time into eternity, the nearest and dearest friends, and that too, in the prime of life, when we are ordered more close by the only bonds of matrimony. Such was the present case. As the affections of youth began to put forth new and powerful energies, the hand of death, with a chilling pressure, on the lip, the flattering prospect, and nipped in its bud the fairest fruits of our earthly views. We mourn the sudden loss of our friend—we will not repine—but there is a consolation beyond the grave—it is here a surety that this pleasure, withered and lost on earth, will bloom and flourish in immortal beauty in the Garden of Paradise. "Blessed are they who die in the Lord."

On Tuesday morning last, after a long illness, Miss ELIZABETH WILLE, in the 22d year of her age. There can peace of mind belonging to the pure Christian in the dying hour, but parents and sisters cannot. This peaceful boon, we have every reason to believe, was the portion of departed spirit. Let such not weep, our embassy for rest and ever.

"Let Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promise is hour!
Her feet hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to wipe her tears.

"Her dead and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ashes shall be built again,
And all our dust shall rise."

Deaths during the past week.

	Adults.	Children.	Total.
Philadelphia,	44	43	87
New-York,	48	64	112
Baltimore,	15	13	28

GLOBE TAVERN,

Vine street, Wharf, Schuylkill.

THE Subscriber informs the Citizens and Country generally, that he has taken the above well known and commodious establishment, and will endeavour to keep it in such a manner as to merit a share of public patronage. The Table will be supplied with the best that the country can afford, and the Bar with choice Liquors. Attentive Hostlers will be in attendance, and every exertion will be made to render comfort to those who may favour him with a call. Parties of pleasure can be accommodated with Boats, and every attention will be paid to their wishes. The Subscriber has also a Boat for the accommodation of Fishermen, which will be found at the Tavern.

WILLIAM CLARK.

Sept. 16—3t*

THE FRANKLIN JOURNAL

AND American Mechanics' Magazine, devoted to the Mechanic Arts, and containing original communications, and a correspondence with Societies and Individuals in every part of the United States, and in Europe, will be published on the first day of October next, by the Franklin Institute of the State of Pennsylvania, for the promotion of the Mechanic Arts.

CONTENTS.

Long's current notes in London and Continental Europe. Wheeler on the steam engine. Report on Lehman's improvement in the steam engine. Report on Wilson's improvement in Steam engine boilers. On the construction of Steam engine Furnaces. Report on Improving saw Valves. Report on Improving Steam Engine Valves. Report on Improving Steam Engine Valves. Report on Improving Steam Engine

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

—•••—

"FIVE" is the solution to the Enigma inserted on the 2d inst.

The following is an answer to the Puzzle in our last.

From SIX	IX	XL
Take IX	X	L
Leaves 5—	I—	X—SIX—a half a dozen remain.

Answers to the Historical and Mythological Enigmas which appeared in our last.

1. Tauns, or Fauns—Therodamas. *Father.*
2. Moses—Thalia—Erasmus. *Mother.*
3. Brennus—Otys—Hereyna. *Brother.*
4. Sisyphus—Terentia. *Sister.*
5. Ulysses—Clytemn. *Uncle.*
6. Augs—Augs, or Augea—Nero—Tantalus. *Aunt.*

A RIDDLE.

I have a body and a back,
I'm sometimes red and sometimes black,
I'm sometimes blue and sometimes green,
And sure I am of ev'ry colour seen.

Tho' I've no fingers long and round,
Nor hands, two arms are on me found;
And every day in open street,
A thousand times with me you'll meet.

I have a tail 'tis very true,
Which always is exposed to view;
But have no eyes to peep about,
Nor head—now please to find me out.

R. S. G.

REBUS.

The Jew who refused unto Haman to bow,
The old name of a place which is Lisbon will'd now;
The city where Terah and Abraham did live,
And the prince who to Daniel much honor did give;
A city of Jersey near Delaware tide,
The God who 'twas said did o'er marriage preside;
A Persian whom Daruo condemn'd to be slain,
The passion o'er which 'tis said Cupid does reign;
That by which the poor their living do raise,
And what all the old were once in their days
If you the initials of these will collate,
They will show you a village in New Jersey state.

SCYLAX.

CHARADES.

1. My first is the name of a nut that grows wild, my second is a small elevated piece of ground, and my whole is the name of a town in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

2. My first's immense and none can tell its bounds,
My next by heaven's command rose from the ground;
My whole's of use my first to traverse o'er,
Now you may guess for I shall tell no more.

3. My first is one of the elements; by my second you often get hurt, my whole is beautiful as a landscape.

4. My first is the sweetest of sweets; my second is a small stream of water; my whole is the name of a town in Pennsylvania.

H. C. C.

I am a word of seven letters, and am a vegetable known to every one:

My 1st, 2d and 3d is what we frequently complain of in summer—my 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th is food for man and horse, and merchandise for negroes—my 5th, 6th and 7th is what all the dead go to, and the living are fast approaching—my 4th, 5th and 2d, is what children generally sleep on—my 3d, 2d, 6th and 7th, looks abominable in apparel, and laxy—my 1st, 2d, 6th and 7th, is what sportsmen generally carry powder in.

I am a word of five letters, and I was the name of the king of Naples—1 my 1st, 4 I an, 4th is to disappoint—2 my 3d, 4th and 5th, is one of the names of a woman—3. My 1st, 4th and 5th, is a very useful piece of goods—4 My 1st, 2d and 3d transposed is a stimulating liquor—5. My 1st, 3d and 4th transposed is a remembrance of the book—6. Transpose my 1st, 4th and 5th, and I am possessed by most lawyers—7. Transpose my 1st and 4th, and I am the present tense first person singular of a verb—8. My 4th and 5th is a preposition—9. Transpose my 3d, 4th and 5th, and I am a substance found on board of vessels—10. My 1st, 2d and 4th is the male of a very innocent animal—11. My 2d, 3d and 5th transposed, is the track of a carriage.

NAPOLEON'S SON IN 1825.

In the upper part of his face, namely, his nose, eyes and forehead, he is extremely like his father; his nose is not aquiline like the Austrians—that is large and full. His complexion is light, and his forehead is higher than Napoleon's, which was remarkable low. He was of an idle disposition, they told me, and had not as very difficult to make him apply himself, except to mathematics, the only branch of study to which he showed an inclination. When younger, his great amusements were mischievous practical jokes, many of which he played off upon his august and royal father, (with whom he is a great favourite,) such as filling his boots with gravel, tying the skirts of his coat to the chair, &c.

Several years ago there was a young Englishman figuring away at Washington. He had not much brains, but a vast number of cities, which, notwithstanding our pretended dislike to them, sometimes have the effect of tickling the ears amazingly. Several young ladies were in high debate, going over the list—he is Lord Viscount so and so, Baronet of such a country; and—" My fair friends," exclaimed the gallant Lieutenant N. " one of the titles you appear to have forgotten." "Ah!" exclaimed they eagerly "what is that?" "He is *Baron of Intellect*," was the reply.

"Be civil to every body," said an old chimney sweeper to his young companion, whom he was disposed to cure the late John Kemble in the streets of Norwich, Eng. because he was a player; "you do not know what you will come to yourself."

A humorous Scotch lawyer, who had often received favors of the Duke of B. called upon his grace for the same purpose, one morning, before having shaved himself. The Duke observing the roughness of his chin, asked why he had not smoothed it by a tonsorial application: "Because," replied the lawyer, "I have a favor to ask of your Grace, and I did not like to do it *barefacedly*."

EPITAPH.

ON CAPTAIN DAVID M——:——, *(A celebrated Card player.)*

Here, low beneath the SEXTON'S SPADE,
A HEART, an honest heart, is laid;
No DIAMOND could his worth excel—
In every CLUB he bore the skill,
The GAME is o'er—the DIE is cast—
Alas! poor DAVEY has PLAY'D HIS LAST!

WHY A MAN MEASURES MORE IN THE MORNING THAN IN THE EVENING, &c.

There is an odd phenomena attending the human body, as singular as common, that a person is shorter standing than lying; and shorter in the evening when he goes to bed, than in the morning when he rises. This remark was first made in England, and afterwards confirmed at Paris, by M. Morand, a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences in France, and by the Abbot Foutina likewise. —The last mentioned person found, from a year's experience, that ordinarily in the night he gained 5 or 6 lines, and lost nearly as much in the day. The cause of which effect, so ancient, so common, but so lately perceived, proceeds from the different state or condition of the inter-vertebral auular cartilages. The vertebræ or joints of the spine, are kept separate, though joined by particular cartilages, every one of which has a spring. These yield on all sides, without any inflexion on the spine, to the weight of the head and upper extremities: but this is done by very small and imperceptible degrees, and most of all when the upper parts of the body are loaded with any exterior weight. So that a man is really taller after lying some time, than after walking, or carrying a burthen a great while. For the reason it is, that, in the day and evening, while one is sitting or standing, the superior parts of the body weighing or pressing upon the inferior, press those elastic annular cartilages, the bony jointed work is contracted, the superior parts of the body descend towards the inferior, and proportionably as one approaches the other, the height of the stature diminishes. Hence it was, that a fellow enlisting for a soldier, by being measured over-night, was found deficient in height, and therefore rejected; but by, accident, being gauged again the next morning, and coming up to the stature, he was admitted. On the contrary, in the night-time, when the body is laid a-bed, as it is in an horizontal, position or nearly so, the superior parts do not weigh, or but very little, upon the inferior; the spring of the cartilages is unbent, the vertebræ are removed from one another, the long jointed work of the spine is dilated, and the body thereby lengthened; that a person finds himself about ½ an inch, or more, higher in stature in the morning than when going to bed. This is the most natural and simple reason that can be given, for the different heights of the same person at different times.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1737.

When the rumour prevailed in England of a French invasion, two chimney sweepers fell into conversation upon the times. 'Jack,' said one of the sable politicans, 'what is it to us? our trade has nothing either to hope or fear from any change in government—what need we care whether we be chimney sweepers still.' 'That is a mistake,' replied Jack, 'for when the French come they will bring French chimney sweepers along with them, and we shall be out of employ. This is not a bad notion, but not so good as that of the respectable aunt of Mr. Peter Moore, who was at Dover during the late war, and just at the period when invasion was threatened; there happened to be a chimney on fire, and the smell of the smoke was so powerful—'Good gracious!' said the old lady to her maid, 'the French are coming, we shall be all murdered —ruined—annihilated.' 'Dear Ma'am,' said the maid, 'why do you think the French are coming?' 'I smell them Kitty,' said the lady. 'Smell the Monsieurs,' said the maid, 'La! Ma'am!' 'Don't you?' said the lady.—'No,' said the maid: 'I only smell soot.' 'That's them,' said the respectable twaddler, 'that's them—don't you see in the newspapers that all their flat bottomed boats are rowed by *sweeps*?'

LIMITED LOQUACITY.

A Tradesman, who had a shop in the Old Bailey, opposite the prison, kept two parrots, for the inconvenience of his neighbours—a green chatterer and a grey. The green parrot was taught to speak when there was a knock at the street door—the grey put in his word whenever a ring came at the bell; but they only knew two short phrases of English apiece, though they pronounced those very distinctly. The house in which these "Parliaments" lived had a projecting old-fashioned roof, so that the first floor could not be seen from the pavement on the same side of the way; and one day when they were left at home, a thief, after hanging out of a window, a knock came at the street door. 'Who's there?' said the green parrot—in the exercise of his office. 'The man with the leather,' was the reply; to which the bird answered, in the style of his employer, 'Come in,' which was, 'Oh, no!' Presently, the door not being opened, as he expected, the stranger knocked a second time.—'Who's there?' said the green parrot again.—'D—n your eyes,' said the man with the leather, 'why don't you come down?' to which the parrot again made the same answer—'Oh, no!' This response so enraged the visitor, that he dropped the knocker, and rang but once; at which, thinking that a customer was coming up the grey parrot, who called out in a true voice, 'Go to the gate!'—'To the gate!' muttered the appellant, whose no such convenience, and moreover imagined that the bird meant to insult him; 'I'll go to the gate!' and he, getting out into the kennel, that he might have the advantage of seeing his interlocutor—'Newgate,' is joined the grey parrot—just at the moment when his species was discovered.

A PUFF DIRECT.

An itinerant peddar wishing to recommend his razors to the gaping crowd, thus addressed them:

"Gentlemen, the razors I hold in my hand were made on the light of a diamond, in the famous furnace of Andaloosa. They cut as quick as thought, and are as bright as the morning star. A word or two more, and I am certain you will buy them. Lay them under your head at night, and you will find yourself clean shaved when you awake in the morning."

There is a little boy, named Wilmot, now living at Barrington, near Cambridge, Eng. who has six grandfathers, viz his father's father, grandfather, and great grandfather; and his mother's father, grandfather and great grand-father. What will those proud persons say to this, who pique themselves upon their *forefathers*.

Frank, who will any fund supply,
Lent me ten guineas.—'Come,' said I,
'Give me a pen—it is but fair.'
You take my note!' Quoth he, 'Hold there!
Jack, to the cash I bid adieu,—
No need to spoil my paper too!'

Two bucks arm in arm were meandering the street,
As chuck full of wine as an egg is of meat—
'Hold fast to my arm,' said Harry to Paul,
'For united we stand, but divided, we fall.'

Dodging the door of Counsel Catch,
A thief observed 'twas on the latch,
Popped in and quick again popp'd out,
With wig and gown and riding coat:
Then wrote to let the lawyer know
That "he had served him so and so!"
Adding—" P. S.—I might have taken
Coke upon Littleton and Bacon;
But law to me's a useless study,
For I am rogue enough already!"

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

WHY DO WE LOVE?

I often think each tottering form
That flags along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm;
As full of idle thoughts as mine—

And each has had its dream of joy,
His own unequalled pure romance,
Commencing where the Academy of Science in France, and by the Abbot Foutina likewise.
—The last mentioned person found, from a year's experience, that ordinarily in the night he gained 5 or 6 lines, and lost nearly as much in the day. The cause of which effect, so ancient, so common, but so lately perceived, proceeds from the different state or condition of the inter-vertebral auular cartilages. The vertebræ or joints of the spine, are kept separate, though joined by particular cartilages, every one of which has a spring. These yield on all sides, without any inflexion on the spine, to the weight of the head and upper extremities: but this is done by very small and imperceptible degrees, and most of all when the upper parts of the body are loaded with any exterior weight. So that a man is really taller after lying some time, than after walking, or carrying a burthen a great while. For the reason it is, that, in the day and evening, while one is sitting or standing, the superior parts of the body weighing or pressing upon the inferior, press those elastic annular cartilages, the bony jointed work is contracted, the superior parts of the body descend towards the inferior, and proportionably as one approaches the other, the height of the stature diminishes. Hence it was, that a fellow enlisting for a soldier, by being measured over-night, was found deficient in height, and therefore rejected; but by, accident, being gauged again the next morning, and coming up to the stature, he was admitted. On the contrary, in the night-time, when the body is laid a-bed, as it is in an horizontal, position or nearly so, the superior parts do not weigh, or but very little, upon the inferior; the spring of the cartilages is unbent, the vertebræ are removed from one another, the long jointed work of the spine is dilated, and the body thereby lengthened; that a person finds himself about ½ an inch, or more, higher in stature in the morning than when going to bed. This is the most natural and simple reason that can be given, for the different heights of the same person at different times.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1737.

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Translated from the French.
PHILOSOPHICAL EGGS.

It is said eggs may be kept a year as fresh as when first laid, by the following method. Place forty or fifty eggs carefully in a strong earthern vessel; the vessel is then to be filled with lime-water, closely stopped, and put into a cool cellar for use. The lime-water should rise 2 or 3 inches above the eggs.

The only conditions of necessaire, that the eggs be fresh when put down, and that the shell be not cracked, for the slightest fissure in the shell would admit the lime-water, permit the egg to escape, and thus spoil the whole number.

A PARMENTIER.

Brooklyn, L. I. Aug 2, 1826.

REMOVED

To the new and elegant Steam-Boat
WHARF AT ARCH STREET.

THROUGH IN ELEVEN HOURS

To New York,

Via Bordentown & Washington, 24 miles land carriage,
STOPPING AT
BURLINGTON AND BRISTOL,
GOING AND RETURNING
The Steam-Boat PENNSYLVANIA,
CAPTAIN Z. W. KELLUM,

Will leave the above Wharf every morning (Sundays excepted), at 8½ o'clock, A. M. for Bordentown.—Passengers will then take the Citizen's Line of Coaches, 24 miles to Washington, N. J. there take the Steam-Boat ORIENTA, Captain S. C. Smith, and arrive in New-York by five o'clock the same day.—Fare through $3—For seats, apply on board.

No. 8 ARCH street, corner of Front,
Or of the Captain, on board the Boat, at Arch street Wharf.—All baggage at the risque of the owners.

DAVID WARD & Co. Agents.

Philadelphia, July 24, 1826. *Proprietors.*

PARTNER WANTED.

A PERSON who is acquainted with the Dry Goods business, and can command from $5 to $10,000, wishes to connect himself in a wholesale and retail business, with a young man of good business habits, and some capital. A single man, however, would be preferred. Address A. D. with real name and references, at this office.

aug 26—3t*

F. SORBER,

COACHMAKER, Montoe Village, Lancaster Road, Germantown, informs his friends and the public, that he has on hand a number of carriages, finished in a neat style, warranted of the best materials and workmanship, which he will sell on reasonable terms. They consist of a Coach, Coachee, Barouche, Chariot, Phaeton, Gig, Sulkey, and Cabriolet. He will dispose of on the lowest terms for cash or acceptances. jan 21—1y

JOHN BURN'S

China Glass and Earthenware
WAREHOUSE, WHOLESALE & RETAIL,
No. 262 NORTH SECOND STREET.

N. B. Rags bought and taken in exchange for Ware. aug 26—6m

WANTED,

THREE or four Journeymen Brushmakers. None need apply but first rate workmen, of steady habits, who will find constant employ and good wages. Enquire of the Printer. aug 12—2t*

JOB PRINTING,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Neatly and Expeditiously executed,
ON MODERATE TERMS.

☞ At the Office of the Saturday Evening Post, back of No. 31 Market street, and back of No. 51 Chesnut street, directly opposite the Post Office.

LIST OF AGENTS
OF THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The gentlemen whose names are attached hereto, have kindly volunteered to transact the business of this establishment at the respective places where they reside.—We request that all dues for the paper be paid over to them, and persons wishing to subscribe to it, will find a ready means of conveying their wishes to the publishers, through them.

L. A. Godey, 162 Broad way	New York.
George M. Troup, 21 do.	do.
William T. Vreedenburg,	Ithaca, N. Y.
Peleton A. Strickland,	Rochester, do.
William S. Holcomb,	Utica, N. Y.
Henry Paxson,	Trenton, N. J.
Job Smith,	Mount Holly, do.
Jacob Roberts,	Haddonfield, N. J.
John Gr. Mason,	Salem, do.
T. C. Budd,	Port Elizabeth, N. J.
J. Bennett, Esq. P. M.	Bristol, Pa.
Job Roberts,	Morrisville, do.
James Peacock, Esq. P. M.	Harrisburg, Pa.
J. B. Myers,	Lancaster, Pa.
B. C. Stockton,	Pittsburg, Pa.
Samuel Baille, Esq. P. M.	Marietta, Pa.
David Welton, Esq. P. M.	Londonderry, Pa.
Henry Ebner & Co.	Allentown, Pa.
Alexr. Chandler, Esq. P. M.	New Garden, Pa.
E. Schoffeld, Esq. P. M.	Lancaster, Ohio.
Elias P. Langdon,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
James Hedges,	Murfreesborough, Tenn.
S. H. Bullen,	Louisville, Ky.
Johnson & Downing,	Maysville, do.
Ingram & Reily,	St. Louis, Missouri.
Freeman, Bell & Co.	Natchez, Miss.
Charles M'Clurken,	St. Francisville, La.
B. Lundy, Editor Genius of Universal Emancipation	Baltimore, Md.
Charles Hodges, Esq. P. M.	Pig Point, Md.
P. Grunagel,	Centerville, Md.
J. W. Gildersleeve, Esq. P. M.	Canterbury, Del.
Thomas Speckman,	Wilmington, Del.
Samuel Dougherty,	New Castle, Del.
D. C. Lockwood,	Smyrna, Del.
John Clayton,	Summit Bridge, Del.
W. W. Billing,	Washington City, D. C.
William Wilson, Esq.	Lexington, Va.
J. B. Taylor, M. D.	Richmond, do.
Wm. S. Chandler, Esq.	Parham's Store, do.
Dr. A. B. Shaw,	Hatcherieville, do.
William G. Smith,	Kanville, do.
William M'Connell,	Fincastle, do.
P. Saunders, Esq. P. M.	Lewisburg, do.
Alban Gilpin,	Manchester, do.
J. F. Thurston, Esq. P. M.	Camden, S. C.
John D. Mosely,	Columbia, S. C.
Wm. B. Hull, Esq. P. M.	Orrville, Pendleton dist. S. C.

☞——WORTHY OF NOTICE.——☜

Many bills in the country for subscriptions to this paper remain unsettled. Our friends in arrears would be rendering us an important service, by remitting their several dues, immediately, without further notice, *per mail.*

☞ NOTICE.—ADVERTISEMENTS, to insure their insertion, must be handed in on Thursday. To prevent this portion of the paper from encroaching on the miscellaneous department, the price of advertising, in future, will be thus regulated:—

☞ *Ten* lines, or under, will be inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR. Over *ten* lines, and not exceeding *twenty*, the price will be double, and so on as the size increases. The number of insertions must be limited, and the amount paid in advance. ☞ Subscribers only will be allowed a deduction of 20 per cent. on all sums over two dollars. ☞ No exception will be made to this rule.

TO THE ELECTORS.

FELLOW CITIZENS,—Encouraged by many partial friends to present myself to your notice as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF, at the ensuing election, I deem it necessary to lay before you the grounds on which I venture to solicit your support.

For nearly five years, including the darkest hours of that struggle, which has given liberty to this now happy country, did I cheerfully toil in the ranks of the Revolutionary Army. Induced by the flagrant outrages daily committed on my country men, I was, in the year 1777, the twenty-fifth man who enlisted in the 4th Regimental Artillery, for the defence of our common rights, leaving a profitable business and a rising character, to rally round a good and just cause. During this time I fought at Brandywine, Germantown, and commanded by the immortal La Fayette, and succeeded with my comrades at the close of that day in preserving the cannon, entrusted to their charge, from falling into the hands of the foe. Subsequently at Valley Forge, I endured privations of every description, sinking into the grave that gallant officer fought for and the pusnishon of our officers and soldiers could have prevented. In 1778, I volunteered on board the Galleys which succeeded in driving the British vessels of war from the bay below Newcastle, and, as a satisfactory proof of my conduct in those trying times, I subjoin the certificate of my services for you perusal.

Philadelphia, 17th. May, 1826.

Esteemed Friend—I duly received the letter of the 18th inst. and am happy to have it in my power, to a stet thee in participating in the Pension of government, to which thou art justly entitled as an Old Soldier of the Revolution, as will appear by the certificate herewith annexed.

I thine respectfully and sincerely,

[Signed] THOMAS FORREST."

"To whom it may concern—This may Certify, That JACOB STAEMBECK, Senr. was a Soldier in my Regiment of the Pennsylvania Line, and in the Regiment of Artillery, who, during his time of service, conducted himself in a dutiful soldierly like manner truly exemplary, and herein a pattern worthy to be followed by others; and shall ever keep his inch of candle from burning in the socket. Given under my hand this 17th day of H. May, 1826.

[Signed] THOMAS FORREST,
Late Lieut. Col. 4th regiment.

I can now only add, that after a service of a long period of nearly fifty years among you, and enjoying the esteem of the best portion of society, I feel that I have a right upon me to solicit your suffrages, if you should think proper to elect me your SHERIFF. I pledge myself to discharge, faithfully the duties of the office, and shall exert proudly cherish the recollection of your kindness. I am Fellow Citizens, yours, most sincerely,

Aug 12—tE JACOB STREMBECK.

County Commissioner.

THE Subscriber again offers himself as a Candidate for the office of a County Commissioner, and will be duly thankful to the Freemen of the City and County of Philadelphia for any future support and favour, at the General Election in October next.

July 4, 1826. JOHN MARKLAND.

Brief Sketch of the Services of Capt. JOHN MARKLAND.

John Markland, was born in Philadelphia, and entered the service of his country, (in his minority) in 1775, as a Volunteer, and actively and personally accused in hazarding his life in defence of the rights of his country in defiance of the tremendous fire kept up by the British Ship Asia off the mouth of the Delaware, and which was promptly returned by the gallant Americans, with spring on her cable. He was in action on Long Island, on the 2nd August, 1776, and also in the Green Jacket, (the uniform adopted by the Artillery) at the latter end of this year.

In 1777 he joined the regular service in the South Pennsylvania Regiment, as *Fer the Hire*, but for a campaign, but as *Fer the Hire* during or short. In June, was actively engaged at Gulph Mills, on a skirmish at *Old Hike*, near South Plains, New Jersey. On the 11th September, was engaged with the British Battalion of Guards, and about three weeks afterwards, viz:—On the 4th of October, distinguished himself at the *Great Battle of Germantown*, and at same time was in the Office of QUARTER COMMISSIONER. With the Army in 1778 and 1779, although for a part of the latter time was on a *Sloop*.

In 1780 and 1781, was in PAYETTE'S Corps of Light Infantry. In 1781 he was present at the surrender of the British Army under Lord CORNWALLIS, he was proceeded with the Pennsylvania Troops to the Southward, and after a severe, harrassing marched 800 miles, arrived at the head quarters of General GREENE, on Camden, and served to the end of the War in the Southern department, when he was honored with the command of a Company in the Regiment of Artillery, commanded by Colonel STEWART, and was present at the siege of Yorktown, and at the capture of Cornwallis' Army.

In 1783 he was promoted to the rank of Captain of Light Infantry. In 1784 he was present at the surrender of the City and County of Philadelphia. The following respectable individuals being some of his few remaining companions—in arms and in battle, have cheerfully given their best testimonials to the correctness of the General JOHN STEEL, Collector of the port of Philadelphia.

Captain CALEB NORTH, late Sheriff of the City and County of Philadelphia.

Captain JACOB GLENTWORTH, Surveyor of the Port of Philadelphia.

Lieutenant CHARLES MACKNEY, now residing in Germantown.

A Friend to the Soldier of the Revolution.

"The Subscribers participated with Captain *JOHN MARKLAND* in many of the trying scenes of our Revolutionary War, and state with pleasure that they always found him an active and zealous officer, pledged in his youth to the service of his country, fervently wounded in her cause and faithfully following her fortunes amid toils, hardships and privations to the end of the war."

CALEB NORTH.
JOHN STEEL.
JAMES GLENTWORTH, late Captain in 6th Pennsylvania Regiment.
CHARLES MACKNEY, late Lieutenant in 6th Pennsylvania Regiment.
Aug 12—6t.

SHOE BRISTLES.

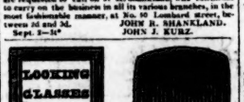
FIVE hundred pounds of first quality of Oushe, No. 1 Shoemakers Bristles, for sale by

BUSCH and TURNER.
Sept. 2—tf No. 231 Market street.

NOTICE.

THE copartnership of KURT and SHANKLAND, (Tailors), was this day dissolved by mutual consent; all persons indebted, and all who may have claims on the firm, are requested to call on J. R. Shankland, who continues to carry on the business in all its various branches, in the most fashionable manner, at No. 50 Lombard street, between 4th and 5th.

Sept. 2—3t* JOHN J. KURZ.



TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

J. ELLIOTT offers for sale at No. 123 Arch street, third door above Third street, North side, a very extensive assortment of Looking Glasses, Combs, Japanned and Fancy Articles, comprising paper, Looking Glasses of all sizes and descriptions, Tortoise Shell Tuck, Long and Side Combs, and a beautiful article called Spanish Shell Combs, which from the neatness and great resemblance of tortoise shell, claim attention. Merchants and Western dealers are invited to call and examine for themselves, as his prices are such as to insure sales. april 11—1y

OPPOSITION LINE!!!!!

FARE REDUCED TO $3.

To Travellers on the Lottery route
Take to the UNION LINE;
It starts from Third street every day,
The agent is CONINE.
'I will take you safe unto the port,'
Where FORTUNE doth shake;
And on the route where others walk,
In stages you may ride.
The fares reduced, as you perceive;
In fact 'tis most too low;
But OPPOSITION "rules the roast,"
As well the public know.
And Opposition ever shall rule,
Till lower doth abide
With every driver on the route,
With whom you choose to ride.
Then hail the "swift race," none can beat
The gallant UNION LINE;
Cheap, Cheaper, Cheapest!" is the go;
HUZZA THEN FOR CONINE.

Tickets or Shares in all the Lotteries to be had for SCHEME PRICE, until further notice.

W. C. CONINE,
sept 9—tf No. 3 South Third st. Philadelphia.

White Pepper, Hams, Vinegar, &c.

HAVE white Pepper, long do. fine flavoured Hams, for family use, genuine white Wine Vinegar, warranted Cider do. Mustard Seed, and an assortment of *GROCERIES and TEAS*, for sale by

CHARLES L. SMITH,
aug 25—3m* No. 37 South Third street.

Classical and Scientific Education.

J. ESPY'S School will be opened on Monday, the 4th September, in Seventh street, near Arch.

In this Institution are taught the Latin and Greek and Latin, Geography, History, and English Grammar, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry and Surveying, the use of the Globes, Natural Philosophy, and Popular Astronomy: to which will be added, if required, Writing, French, Italian, and Spanish, by the best masters. The number of pupils will be limited to 30. Price 12 dollars per quarter; to which five dollars will be added, if Writing, French, Italian or Spanish shall be required. sept 2—3tT

NEW GROCERY STORE.

THE subscribers beg leave to acquaint their friends and the public that they have commenced the grocery business, trading under the firm of Wilson and Summers, in the corner of Noble and 2nd, Streets, a few doors from the Tavern and yard, sign of the Lion, kept by Jacob Gilbert, where they intend keeping a choice assortment of all articles in the line which they will dispose of on the very lowest terms they flatter themselves by strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage.

SHIPLEY WILSON,
GEORGE SUMMERS.

N. B. All kinds of Country produce taken in pay, viz. whiskey, butter ,hams, yarn, rags, &c. *of the highest market price.*

Aug 19—6t

LINE ACADEMY

IS situated in a healthy and pleasant neighborhood, forty-five miles East of Fayetteville, and 60 miles North of Wilmington, near Dupin, C. C. H. North Carolina. The subscriber is qualified to prepare students for junior classes of Chapel Hill college, N. C. will meet with good encouragement by making application to the Trustees of Line Academy:—A member of the Gospel will be preferred. sept 9—3t

WAS TAKEN UP,

ON the 1st inst. below Marcus Hook, in the Jersey Channel, of the river Delaware, a ship's Long Boat, with the name of " Sachis of Philadelphia," painted on its stern. The owner may have her again on proving property and paying charges. Apply to

BENJAMIN SMITH,
On Oldman's Island, opposite Marcus Hook.
sept 9—3t*

SELECT ACADEMY,

At the S. W. Corner of Vine and Fourth streets.

IN this Seminary are taught the various branches of the Mathematics, Algebra, Geography, use of the Globes, English Grammar, Writing, Book-keeping, Art of Reading, &c. For further information concerning the character of the school, the inquirer is referred to the following named of its patrons.

John C. Brown, of Kensington, John Bacon, City Commissioners, Joseph Trotter, Robert Parish, Jacob Mashfield, Edward Randolph, Jonathan Knight.

Application may be made at the school-room, or at the Subscriber's residence, No. 43 Tammany street.

sept 2—3t* B. MOORE.

JOHN KRAIL,

Hair Cutter, Shaver & Perfumer,

HAS opened a neat and comfortable shop, in Chesnut Street, No. 39, a few doors below Second street, where he is prepared to exhibit his skill and talents, in the art of Reading, to such gentlemen as may be pleased to favour him with their custom.

With razors sharp, his boxes are choice and fine,
His scissors good, his towels very clean,
His shop's commodious, and the windows shine
With combs, and soap, and perfumes, to be seen.

He shaves, with caution, smooth; with science, close;
Makes wigs in the style, in fashion most genteel;
And though compelled to take two by the nose,
He does it gently, with a dexterity.

His right is clear, his hand is firm and steady;
His shop is open, and his razor on sale;
Forever civil, and at labor you like KRAIL.

No Shop can't stay—at labor you like KRAIL.

N. B. An Apprentice Wanted. Sept. —3t*

PHILANTHROPIC
BURIAL GROUND SOCIETY.

THE members will be punctual in attending a meeting to be held at the Commissioners' Hall, Southwark, on Wednesday evening, the 27th inst. at 7 o'clock.

Persons wishing to obtain the right of membership and interment, it being at a very low rate, are also participation is requested to attend. sept. 2—3tT

TO BANKS IN GENERAL.

THE Subscriber most respectfully informs the Banking Institutions that he will give $1000 Bank Notes in his best manner, to the Banking house, or at his Printing Office, No. 113 Chesnut street, opposite the Post Office.

sept 9—3tos BENJAMIN ROGERS.

UNION CANAL LOTTERY,

TWENTY-FOURTH CLASS.

FATES & DESTINIES, Managers.

SCHEME.

1 Prize of	$16,000	$16,000
1	5,000	5,000
1	3,000	3,000
1	1,543	1,543
8	1,000	8,000
10	500	5,000
54	200	6,800
32	50	2,600
104	20	2,080
1,300	8	10,400
10,008	4	42,430

Tickets 4—Halves 2—Quarters 1—Eighths 50c

FOR SALE AT
ROBERTSON & LITTLE'S
LOTTERY OFFICE,
No. 43 South Third street,

Second door above Chesnut—upon as moderate terms, if not more so, than any other office in this city—and where prizes have been sold all the following Capital Prizes:—$50,000 Whole Tickets! | $3,575 Whole Tickets;
$15,000 Half and 4 Quarters! | $1,800 Four Quarters!
$10,000 Four Quarters! | 14 of $1,000 Whole and Shares!
And in the last Literature Lottery, the Capital Prizes of 10,000 in Quarters! And in the last Union Lottery, the Capital Prizes of 10,000 and 4,000 ! besides 3 of 1,000 ! several of 400!

And in the 23d class, Union Canal Lottery, drawn on the 26th, Nos. 3, 34, 36, 45, 49, each 1,000. Nos. 13, 14, 27, 33, 37, 42, 55, each 400. Besides several of 300, &c.

☞ CASH always advanced for Prizes or demand, $30, &c.

CHEAP DRY GOODS.

THE subscribers have for sale, (either wholesale or retail) a general assortment of Dry Goods, which they will sell on the lowest terms, for cash or approved city acceptances, viz. Cassimeres, Cassinetts, Flannels, Blankets, Bombazettes, Waterloos, Valentias, and other Vestings, Irish Linens and Long Lawns, Cheks, Ginghams, Calicoes and Ginghams, Muslins, Sheetings, Cotton and Linen Diapers, Silks and Sattoons, Cambrics, Jaconets, Book and other Muslins, Cotton and Woollen Hosiery, Gloves, Tapes, Pins, &c.

Also, a few pieces of White and blue Cotton Yarn, from No. 4 to 18, for country weavers.

Three-threaded Yarn, (bleached) for Carvalls, Knitting, &c.

WOODMAN & MORRIS.
sept 9—3t* No. 11 Market street.

WORSTED BOMBAZINES.

JUST received a very large assortment of Worsted, consisting of Bigured, Plain and Twill'd Bombazetts of plain colour; also white Bareges, Tarnels, Grey, Orange, Blue and Black. Plain colour'd Morocco and Tammy Cloths. White and Scarlet Merino Shawls, Nankins, Damasks and Duper Table Linens; Irish, German and Russia Sheetings; bed Tickings, Blankets and Moreens; Quilts, &c. &c. Patent steam cotton mills of Dublin and Paper Bills, and a supply of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings.

TOWNSEND SHARPLESS.
No. 30 South Second Street. Sept. 9—tf

In Chancery of New Jersey.

JAMES RAY, Complainant,
vs.
ABIGAIL ERWIN, & al. defendants.

IT appearing to this Court that the complainant has filed his bill of complaint in this cause, and that process issued to appear and answer, directed to the defendants, Benjamin Erwin, Abigail Erwin, Rhina Erwin, Jr. Erwin, Harriet Erwin, and John Lay and Eliza, his wife, and could not be found in this state, he or they having departed and have not, nor hath either of them, caused their appearance to be entered, as the rules of this court in case such cases do require; and it being made to appear by affidavit to the satisfaction of the Chancellor, that the said Abigail Erwin, Benjamin Erwin, Rhina Erwin, and John Lay and Eliza, his wife cannot be found in this state, and that the defendants have departed from and left it as aforesaid, on this fourteenth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty six, on motion in behalf of John Ogden, Solicitor for the complainant, it is ordered by the Chancellor, that the said Abigail Erwin, defendant, Benjamin Erwin, Rhina Erwin, Harriet Erwin, and John Lay, and Eliza his wife, appear, plead, answer or demur to the complainants bill, on or before the second Tuesday of October next, or the bill thereof, such decree be made against them as the Chancellor shall think equitable and just. And it is further ordered, that this order shall, within twenty days hereafter, be served personally on the said Abigail Erwin, Benjamin Erwin, Rhina Erwin, and John Lay and Eliza, his wife, by a delivery of a copy thereof to each of them, or by publication within the said twenty days, in the True American, a newspaper printed at Trenton in this state, and continued the ven for six weeks successively, or at least once in every week.

ISAAC H. WILLIAMSON, C.

A True Copy.—JOHN WILSON, Clerk.
Sept. 2—6t

THE DUTIES

OF MISS CLULEY'S Seminary will be resumed on Monday, August 21st, at No. 3 South Fourth street. aug 12—tf

FRANKLIN GRIDIRON.

THIS superior article, valuable alike to the opulent economist which has superceded every other gridiron were it has been introduced, and needs only a trial to recommend itself, may be had wholesale or retail at the Store of the subscriber, agent for the manufacturer,

SAMUEL MARTIN,
Aug. 26—tIN between Market and Chesnut 3d st.

MEAD'S PILLS.

THE length of time these pills have been in use, and the unspoken satisfaction they have given in all those cases of indigestion, or what is more commonly known by the term Dyspepsia, has established for them the reputation of being, without doubt, the best rem